

THE MONTH

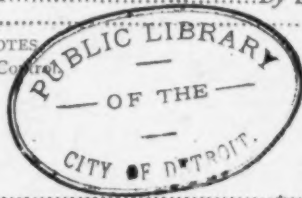
A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 577 (NEW SERIES 187) JULY, 1912

CONTENTS

NEWMAN'S RELATION TO MODERNISM.....	<i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith</i>	1
A NOTE ON THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.....	<i>By M. l'Abbé Ed. Devoghel,</i> <i>Secrétaire de la Rédaction du "XXe Siècle."</i>	16
GRACECHURCH PAPERS. VIII. Gracechurch House.....	<i>By John Ayscough</i>	22
"THE STIRS OF WISBECH"	<i>By the Rev. J. H. Pollen</i>	33
A NEW WITNESS TO THE LORETO TRADITION		
	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i>	49
THOSE OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD. (Translated from the French of René Bazin). Chapter XI, XII.....	<i>By L. M. Leggatt</i>	63
MISCELLANEA		74
I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES		
Anglican Sacraments under State Control		
The Mystery of Matter.		
"Ne sutor supra Crepidam."		
Our Duty to the Heathen.		
Pascal and the Jesuits.		
II: TOPICS OF THE MONTH.		
REVIEWS		94
SHORT NOTICES		103
BOOKS RECEIVED		III



JUL 17 1912

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

[Editorial Offices, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.]

SCRIPTURE MANUALS

FOR

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Edited by the REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

ST. MATTHEW. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.
Crown 8vo, boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. MARK. By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. LUKE. By the Rev. J. W. DARBY, O.S.B., and the
Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo, boards, with
three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. JOHN. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s.

ACTS. PART I. (Chapters i.—xvi.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map, 2s.

ACTS. PART II. (Chapters xiii.—xxviii.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map,
1s. 6d.

BURNS & OATES, 28, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.





Newman's Relation to Modernism.

IN a previous article we considered the *Edinburgh* reviewer's strange notion that Newman "poured scorn on reason," and was constrained in consequence to deny it that substantive place in the argument for Catholicism, which is assigned to it by the general body of recognized Catholic theologians. On examination we discovered that the reviewer had committed the almost inexplicable blunder of mistaking what Newman said in several places of the misuse of reason by rationalism for what he held about the right use of reason; and this notwithstanding that he thought much on this latter subject, and has devoted to it not only important sections of his work, but even one whole book. And we showed, by reference to these works, that, as regards the relation of reason to the proofs of religion, he assigned, in common with all other Catholic writers, to reason rightly used the office of verifying the credentials of the Catholic Church, together with the subsequent office of vindicating the accord with rational principles of that Church's dogmatic system. To add yet another testimony that this was Newman's real attitude towards reason and revelation, we may cite some words from his Catholic sermon on "Faith and Private Judgment," our excuse for doing so being that it will be useful to have them before us in dealing with the subject of the present article.

Now, in the first place, what is faith? It is assenting to a doctrine as true, which we do not see, which we cannot prove, because God says it is true, who cannot lie. And further than this, since God says it is true, not with His own voice, but by the voice of His messengers, it is assenting to what man says, not simply viewed as a man, but to what he is commissioned to declare, as a messenger, prophet, or ambassador from God. . . . This is what faith was in the time of the Apostles, as no one can deny; and what it was then, it must be now, else it ceases to be

the same thing. . . . Men might indeed *use their reason in inquiring into the pretensions of the Apostles*; they might inquire whether or not they did miracles; they might inquire whether they were predicted in the Old Testament as coming from God; but when they had ascertained this fairly in whatever way, they were to take all the Apostles said for granted without proof; they were to exercise their faith, they were to be saved by hearing.

Such is the only rational, consistent account of faith; but so far are Protestants from professing it, that they laugh at the very notion of it. They laugh at the notion itself of men pinning their faith (as they express themselves) upon Pope or Council; they think it simply superstitious and narrow-minded, to profess to believe just what the Church believes, and to assent to whatever she will say in time to come on matters of doctrine. That is, they laugh at the bare notion of doing what Christians undeniably did in the time of the Apostles. Observe, they do not merely ask whether the Catholic Church has a claim to teach, has authority, has the gifts;—*this is a reasonable question*;—no, they think that the very state of mind which such a claim involves in those who admit it, namely, the disposition to accept without reserve or question, that *this* is slavish. They call it priestcraft to insist on this surrender of the reason, and superstition to make it.

In view of so plain a statement we do not really need to examine the reviewer's further misconception in crediting Newman with resting his Catholicism on a theory of psychological assent in essence identical with that now known as Modernist. The two methods of mental procedure, the Catholic and the Modernist, are mutually exclusive, so that as Newman held firmly by the former he could not have had any leanings towards the latter. Still, inasmuch as "the Modernist movement has from the first appealed to Newman as its founder," and as the reviewer seems to think that it does so with substantial justice, it becomes necessary to inquire into the grounds on which this Modernist claim is based.

Here we should begin by defining, or at least attempting to describe, the position and tenets of Modernism. The task is indeed difficult, by reason of the obscurity of the language in which its adherents write, of the reserves with which as individuals they adhere to what appears to be their common programme and of the perplexing manner in which they are apt to put forward each his own personal ideas as those of the party. Perhaps the best plan is to refer the reader to the description of the movement given in the Encyclical *Pascendi*, read in the light of the *Programme of Modernism*,

published shortly after its appearance by some writers who concealed their names but were understood to be recognized leaders of their party. For, although in this *Programme* the Holy Father is scolded for misrepresenting them in his Encyclical, its authors strangely proceed to expound their principles in terms which exhibit them as identical with what the Encyclical had condemned. As, however, we are immediately concerned with the reviewer's ideas of the Modernism of which he considers Newman to have been the founder, we must take his own description of its nature and estimate of its quality as the basis of our investigation. He quotes then (1) from the late Father Tyrrell's *Much-abused Letter*, a passage in which it is contended that the Church is very far from being infallible and is not likely to endure. ("The visible Church is but a means, a way, a creature, to be used where it helps, to be left where it hinders. Who have taught us that the consensus of theologians cannot err, but the theologians themselves? Mortal, fallible, ignorant men like ourselves. Their present domination is but a passing episode in the Church's history. May not Catholicism, like Judaism, have to die in order that it may live again in a greater and grander form? Has not every organism got its limits of development, after which it must decay and be content to survive in its progeny?"); (2) from the *Programme* just referred to, a passage in which it is stated that the traditional belief in the historical Christ is mere legend ("The supernatural life of Christ in the faithful and in the Church has been clothed in historical form, which has given birth to what we might somewhat loosely call the Christ of legend. . . . Such a criticism does away with the possibility of finding in Christ's ministry even the embryonic form of the Church's later theological teaching"); (3) a passage from M. Edouard Le Roy's *Qu'est-ce qu'un dogme* in which it is suggested that we should not trouble about the speculative truth of our dogmas, but be satisfied with their value as rules of conduct ("A dogma proclaims above all a prescription of the practical order; it is the formula of a rule of practical conduct.") And in the following passage, in which he justly censures "some rather shallow thinkers in this country (who) have expressed their surprise and regret that the Vatican has refused to make any terms with Modernism," the reviewer indicates, in terms with which we shall not disagree, its radical opposition to Catholicism.

There are many reasons why this dangerous and disintegrating tendency must be rigorously excluded from Roman Catholicism. In the first place Modernism destroys the historical basis of Christianity, and converts the Incarnation and Atonement into myths like those of other dying and rising saviour-gods, which hardly pretend to be historical. But it was this foundation in history which helped largely to secure the triumph of Christianity over its rivals. In the place of the historical God-Man, Modernism gives us the history of the Church as an object of reverence. . . . Further, the religious philosophy of Modernism is bad, much worse than the scholasticism which it derides. It is in essentials a revival of the sophistry of Protagoras. And if it were metaphysically more respectable than it is, it is so widely opposed to the whole system of Catholic apologetics, that if it were accepted, it would necessitate a complete reconstruction of Catholic dogma. Catholicism . . . rests on presuppositions which are far removed from those of Modernism. It is one thing to admit that dogmas in many cases have a pragmatic origin, and quite another to say that they may be invented or rejected with a pragmatic purpose. The healthy human intellect will never believe that the same proposition may be true for faith and untrue in fact: but this is the Modernist contention.

Such in some of its leading elements is the system on behalf of which with the reviewer's approval it is sought to claim for Newman the dubious honours of a founder. It is fair, however, to add that the reviewer admits that "no one who has read any of Newman's works can doubt that he would have recoiled from the destructive criticism of Loisy, the contempt for scholasticism of Tyrrell, and the defiance hurled at the Papacy in the manifesto of the Italian Modernists"; and admits too, that "Newman's doctrine of development was far removed from that of Bergson's *L'Evolution Créatrice*," as indeed it was, though the reviewer misconceives its character when he says that "his notion of development was more like the unrolling of a scroll than the growth of a tree." He concedes likewise—with a graciousness which (inasmuch as in Newman's writings there is no trace of any such revolt) he must not expect us to appreciate—that the extracts from Tyrrell, the *Programme* writers, and Le Roy (given above) "mark a much later phase of the revolt against Catholic dogma and scholastic theology than can be found in Newman's writings." "They are contemporary," he says, "with the Pragmatism of James and Schiller, and the Activism of Bergson," and "so bold a defiance of tradition would have

been impossible thirty years earlier." And yet he adds, "When Newman pours scorn upon human reason, and when he enthrones the 'conscience' as the supreme arbiter of truth, is he not, in fact, preparing the way for those startling declarations, which imply a complete rupture with Catholic authority?" And his final conclusion is that

Although Newman was not a Modernist, but an exceedingly stiff conservative, he did introduce into the Roman Church a very dangerous and essentially alien habit of thought which has since developed into Modernism. . . . One side of his religion was based on principles which, when logically drawn out, must lead away from Catholicism in the direction of an individualist religion of experience, and a substitution of history for dogma which makes all truth relative and all values fluid.

In spite, however, of the confidence with which the reviewer enunciates his theory of Newman's relation to Modernism, we shall venture to tell him that in all Newman's writings there is not a shred of evidence for such a theory.

In undertaking, however, this demonstration we find ourselves faced by an initial difficulty. There is some satisfaction in arguing against a critic who, if he misinterprets the writer he criticizes, has made a painstaking effort to understand his opinions and, even if he has misunderstood them, can at least cite words used which lend themselves in some reasonable degree to the interpretation he puts upon them. But it is a thankless task to combat the criticisms of one who does not appear to have an elementary knowledge of what the writer he criticizes meant or said. Yet such is the case with this *Edinburgh* reviewer in regard to the various phrases, genuine or spurious, which he cites from Newman, to prove him to be, if not a Modernist himself, at all events the Father of Modernism. Under the circumstances the most convenient course seems to be to bring together in the first instance some of these curious irrelevancies. They will at least throw light on the question how far the reviewer has qualified himself to write on Newman's mentality. After that is done we can take account of the little in the article which has real bearing on the subject of Newman's supposed Modernism.

On p. 277 it is said that for Newman "the 'mind itself,' the concrete personality, is concerned with realities, while the intellect, which for him corresponds very nearly with the discursive reason (*διάνοια*) of the Greek philoso-

phers, is at home only in mathematics and, up to a certain point, in logic!" Where does Newman say that the intellect is not concerned with realities, and is at home only in mathematics and up to a certain point in logic? In the *Grammar of Assent* he is talking of the intellect when engaged on concrete matter. In this class of subject matter he contends that the intellect, by pursuing the syllogistic method, cannot achieve rigid demonstrations, but he is very far indeed from denying that it has an office, and an important one, in judging or reasoning on realities, indeed he calls the Illative Sense "the perfection or virtue of the *rationative* faculty," "the power of judging and concluding when in its perfection," "the reasoning faculty as exercised by gifted or by educated and well-prepared minds"; and the function, as he conceives it, of this department of the reasoning faculty is to judge and reason on realities.

"The mind," says Newman, "has the gift by an act of creation, of bringing before it abstractions and generalizations, which have no counterpart, no existence, out of it." (p. 277). The reviewer gathers that he meant this in the sense of the conceptualists. But, though we may grant that his language is unguarded, over and over again he speaks of "notions," that is, concepts, as representing the common aspects of a number of things, and these aspects, as distinguished from the concept which represents them, are certainly real.

Newman, the reviewer tells us, "adopts the sensationalist (Lockian) theory of knowledge—ideas are copies or modifications of the data presented by the senses." (p. 278). Nowhere does Newman say this, nor does it represent his mind. It is true he says in one place,¹ "[Certain] principles are abstractions from facts, not elementary truths prior to reasoning," and the reviewer cites this statement as though it sufficed to commit Newman to the Lockian doctrine. Had he looked at the context or even quoted correctly, he would have seen that Newman is there speaking not of first principles in general, but of certain "*so-called* first principles," which he denies to be really such. The "first" principles he is speaking of are such as, "There is a right and a wrong," "a true and a false," "a just and an unjust," "a beautiful and a deformed." "These *so-called* first principles," he says, "are really conclusions or abstractions from particular experiences . . . not

¹ *Grammar of Assent*, p. 62, Edit. of 1870.

elementary truths prior to reasoning." Yet it is on the strength of this his own blunder that he charges Newman with "pure nominalism in its crudest form" (which) "makes all arguments in favour of the great truths of religion valueless."

"His extreme disparagement of the intellect," says the reviewer (p. 278) "seems to preclude what he calls 'Real Assent to the creeds and dogmas of Catholicism; for these clearly consist of 'notional propositions.' " And on p. 286 we read, "dogmas are indisputably notional propositions, that is to say, they belong to that class of truths to which Newman ascribes only a subordinate importance." (p. 286.) Here is another muddle, which reveals how far the reviewer is from perceiving what Newman meant by "real" and "notional" assents. "In Notional Assent," Newman says, (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 72) "as well as in inferring, the mind contemplates its own creations instead of things; in Real, it is directed towards things represented by the impressions they have left on the imagination." The advantage he claims for Real Assent over Notional Assent he derives from "these images [which] when assented to, have an influence both on the individual and on society which mere notions cannot exert," but he does not claim for them that they are more certainly true than notional assents. In both classes the conformity with their objects in which their truth consists, has to be otherwise determined; and the reviewer surely cannot imagine Newman holding that general propositions, such as "men are mortal," "the attraction of gravitation follows a definite law," "constitutional governments are best," "Bishops should govern the Church," "men should obey their conscience," all of which by his definition are notional propositions, are not certainly true, or if true, are "truths of subordinate importance." Moreover "as regards assent to dogmas," which the reviewer takes to be "indisputably notional propositions," Newman has a whole chapter devoted to Religious Assents in which he begins thus: "A dogma is a proposition: it stands for a *notion* or a *thing*, and to believe it is to give the assent of the mind to it—as standing for one or for the other. To give a real assent to it is an act of religion: to give a notional is a theological act." Thus assent to dogma according to Newman, so far from being indisputably notional not real, may be one or the other: "It is discerned, rested in, and appropriated as a reality, by the religious imagination; it is *held as a truth* by the theological intellect."

And in the chapter thus commenced, and the two that follow it, the exposition is worked out on the lines of this distinction, and is so applied.

On p. 286 the clause just quoted is followed by the words "we cannot in his [in Newman's sense] 'assent' to an historical proposition as such, but only to the authority which has ordered us to believe it!" What next, one asks? And yet there is a next. On p. 279, we are told that for Newman as for his disciples the Modernists, "theological terms are only symbols of varying values, and he holds that the moment they are treated as having any fixed connotation error begins:" This is about as nearly the opposite of what is meant by dogma as it would be possible to find; yet Newman has said in the *Apologia*, in words never afterwards retracted though often reaffirmed in substance, from his youth upwards "dogma [had] been the fundamental principle of [his] religion." Until, then, the reviewer can give a definite reference for this extraordinary statement, as he has not done so far, and will find it hard to do, we may disregard his allegation altogether.

On p. 282 we have a statement supposed to represent Newman's views, which is made by the reviewer, and if not quite so bad as the foregoing, is particularly instructive as an example of the reviewer's principles of interpretation. For we are there told that "in the *Apologia*," Newman "even says that the argument from personality is one form of the argument from authority." The reviewer, not able otherwise to understand Newman's transition "from belief on purely internal grounds to belief on the purely external grounds of Church authority," thinks to find the explanation in this opinion. He gathers that Newman's argument with himself was, "personality will not accept the dictation of reason, therefore it must accept the authority of the Church." He says, "It is a strange argument." As a matter of fact the ground on which Newman made the transition in question was quite different, as we have shown both in the previous article and by the citation of his sermon at the beginning of the present article. But we agree with the reviewer that this argument he ascribes to Newman is "strange," too strange, indeed, to be true. And we have only to turn to the passage near the beginning of the *Apologia*, where the words cited by the reviewer are to be found, in order to discover how irrelevant these are to the hopeless argument he derives from them, and

how incorrectly he understood them. Newman there is puzzling over the same difficulty which he afterwards tried to solve in a systematic manner in the *Grammar of Assent*. If by argument we cannot get more than probability, on what are we to rest the certitude which is essential to religious assent, for "who can really pray to a Being, about whose existence he is seriously in doubt?" Keble, he says, "met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it." . . . "Faith and love are directed towards an Object; in the vision of that Object they live: it is that Object, received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction." Then he adds the words contained in the reviewer's imperfect citation—"Thus the argument from probability, in the matter of religion, becomes an argument from Personality which in fact is one form of the argument from Authority." He means of course that when you come into intercourse with a person about whom you have heard much that is favourable from previous sources, the impression made on you by his personality in his favour often goes immensely beyond what you had previously experienced, and it is this accession of warrant for your estimate of him, which Newman ascribes to the category of authority. But (1) Newman in the immediate sequel to this passage pronounces the argument unsatisfactory, substituting for it what we find in the *Grammar of Assent*, (2) the time when he inclined to it was as far back as 1827, long before he became a Catholic, or had thoughts of doing so. (3) He was speaking of the impression made upon the devout mind by the personality of God revealing, whereas the reviewer cites him as speaking of the affirmation of the basal personality of man believing; (4) obviously the thought has no bearing on the assent due to the authority of the Church, as distinguished from the assent due to the existence and character of God.

We are brought somewhat nearer to the question of Newman's supposed Modernism in the many places in which the reviewer draws the distinction between judgments of the reason and judgments of the undivided personality. To enumerate some of these: "These judgments . . . by which we regulate our conduct are," for Newman, "affirmations of the basal personality" which "have an authority far greater than can ever arise out of logical manipulation of concepts."

"Since reason is put out of court as a witness to truth [as we have shown it is not] on what faculty, or on what evidence, does Newman rely? . . . Feeling he distrusts. . . . Nor does he . . . make the will supreme over the other faculties. Rather, as we have seen, he bases his reliance on the verdicts of the undivided personality, which he often calls conscience." "'Personalism' as it is technically called, reminds us that we do actually base our judgments on grounds which are not purely rational . . . that the will and the feelings have their rights and claims which cannot be ignored in a philosophy of religion." So sure is the reviewer that these "affirmations of the basal personality," were what Newman went by in deciding on the dogmas he should hold, that he reproaches him for not recognizing the narrow limits within which judgments of this sort can be trusted.

Our undivided personality protests against any philosophy which makes life irrational, or base, or incurably evil. It claims that those pictures of reality which are provided by the intellect, by the æsthetic sense, and by the moral sense, shall all have justice done to them in any attempted synthesis. It rejects materialism, metaphysical dualism, solipsism, and pessimism, on one or other of these grounds. Such a final interpretation of existence as any one of these offers leaves out some fundamental and essential factor of experience, and is therefore untenable. . . . But it is absurd to suppose that our personality, acting as an undivided whole, can decide whether an institutional Church, or one branch of it, is the Body of Christ and the receptacle of infallible revelation; whether Christ was born at Bethlehem or Nazareth, or whether Nestorius was a heretic.

"Affirmations of the basal personality," "verdicts of the undivided personality" are the kind of phrases we meet with in Modernist books, where it is never too clear what they mean, or whether the purpose for which they are employed is not to obtain admission for religious views which could not hope to obtain it, if submitted to the test of reasoning as ordinarily understood. If all they mean is that—to borrow a phrase from the *Programme of Modernism*—the reason cannot in these days be conceived of as "immune from all influence of the will and the emotions," this is nothing new, and neither Newman, nor the Scholastics, nor any class of observant minds, have failed to recognize it, inasmuch as it is self-evident that these other faculties can apply pressure either

to draw the reason out of its proper course or to keep it to it. Or, if they mean that the will by the character of its yearnings, or the emotions which are integral parts of our being, furnish essential matter for the consideration of the reason when it has to pronounce on questions regarding our nature and its destination, that too is a truth not new and universally admitted. If, however, these phrases mean that the reason is not our only cognitive faculty, but that will and emotions share with it in this respect, or that in addition to the reason we have a further cognitive faculty which lies deeper down in our being, and is the true seat of that special kind of cognition which Modernists call their "experience of the divine," and propose to substitute for the inferential proofs of the divine existence relied upon by the Scholastics—then we must ask what possible grounds there can be for advancing such a theory. If any one were to claim that the ear shares with the eye in the power of seeing, or the eye with the ear in the power of hearing, we should wonder at him, but at least there are the organs, the eye and the ear, for him to examine if he thinks to find in them some support for his theory. But our ground for assigning to ourselves faculties of knowing and willing is simply and solely that we exercise acts of knowing and willing (and feeling too, so far as that is an incorporeal act), and therefore have the power, or faculty, to do so. To say after this that the will is also a faculty which is in some sense cognitive, is to conflict with the supposition from which we started, nor does it help to refer any class of cognitive acts to a basal personality merely because we can find no place for them in the exercise of our recognized reasoning faculty; for to do so is equivalent to saying that we have a mode of knowing which lies outside the range of our power of knowing. Thus such phrases as "verdicts of the undivided personality" prove, on analysis, to be meaningless, and anyhow Newman has said nothing in his works which is reducible to this theory. He does, indeed, often speak of assent, especially on religious matters, as being "personal"; but that is a very different thing, and only means that in such cases there are important elements in the evidence set before the individual mind that are of a purely personal character, that is, are not shared by other minds.

So far then the reviewer's attempt to commit Newman to the principles of Modernism is found to break down. The one matter which remains to be examined from this point of view,

is Newman's doctrine of conscience, to which the reviewer, though apparently not very clear in his own mind as to what this doctrine of conscience is, refers in the sentence already quoted, in which he speaks of Newman as "pouring scorn upon human reason and enthroning the conscience as the supreme arbiter of truth." How are we to understand this supposed enthronement of the conscience as the supreme arbiter of truth? There can be no doubt that what the reviewer understands by it is that Newman regarded his conscience as the tribunal to which every point of religious belief, every article in the Church's dogmatic system, must be referred in the last instance, for decision as to whether it ought to be admitted or not. And if this truly represented Newman's mind, it would be correct to describe him as "only half a Catholic"—since Catholicism stands for the principle formally opposed to this, regarding as it does the Church as the supreme teacher to which, in matters of belief, all private judgments must submit; and conscience erected thus into the tribunal to decide finally on matters of dogma is just private judgment, and nothing less. Newman, however, we must repeat it once more, has made it perfectly clear—witness, for example, his sermon on "Faith and Private Judgment"—how entirely he embraced the Catholic principle on this point. If then any one should still cite his appeal to the dictate of conscience, we may note with Father Toohey,¹ that he never appeals to conscience when he is speaking of the doctrines of Revealed Religion, but only when he is speaking of those credentials of Revealed Religion which appertain to Natural Religion. Indeed, he expressly distinguishes between the two under this very aspect in such passages as the following: "The distinction between natural religion and revealed lies in this, that the one has a subjective authority, the other an objective. . . . The supremacy of conscience is the essence of natural religion; the supremacy of Apostle, or Pope, or Church, or Bishop, is the essence of the revealed."²

Were we to stop here it might perhaps be said that, having undertaken to show, as against the reviewer, that Newman was not the propounder of the principles of Modernism, we are contenting ourselves with proving that he was not an upholder of the Protestant principle of private judgment. But

¹ *Tablet*, January 25, 1908.

² *Development of Doctrine*, p. 124. Edit. of 1845.

the point on which a reader should fix his attention is that the two principles are really the same. Still it will be well to bring this out a little more fully. What are the principles of Modernism? That the Modernist doctrines, as stated by the reviewer, in a passage already quoted, are seriously in conflict with the doctrines of Catholicism, is judged by the reviewer himself, and with his judgment all but the Modernists themselves will agree. But what concerns us now is the first principle from which they are evolved, namely, the principle of immanentism, as it is called. For a description of this principle one naturally turns to the *Programme of Modernism* as to the nearest approach to an authentic statement from the leaders of the party. The statement is too long for citation, but must be read through by those wishing to pursue the subject. To put briefly its contention, it comes to this. The present position of philosophical thought and of historical criticism, makes it, they consider, impossible any longer to regard the doctrinal system of Catholicism as an original external revelation of Jesus Christ, which has been faithfully preserved to our days. What can be done is to recognize that the essential element in the original form of Christianity was very simple, and consisted merely of a persistent and enthusiastic proclamation of a coming Kingdom of God, which was free from all admixture of materialistic eschatology, and was at bottom an authoritative call to purity of heart. This essential element has remained the same all through, but likewise all through there has been the inevitable endeavour to reflect on it, as treasured up in the hearts of the successive generations, and to express it and formulate it in doctrines and institutions postulated to meet the Christian needs of their respective times. It is here that conscience, taken in the sense of consciousness (for in French and some other languages there is but one word for these two distinguishable ideas), comes in. For by consciousness Modernists mean a religious experience which welcomes or repels as they suit or not its needs and attractions, and so pronounces favourably or unfavourably on, the doctrines and institutions which the Christian revelation, as propounded by the Church, sets before it for consideration. This being so, it will be understood why we say that Immanentism is but another form of private judgment.

Religious experience is indeed a reality, but to estimate its true character one must interpret it, which is what

Modernists mean by formulating it; and to interpret it in opposition to the Church's interpretation of it is to interpret it on the principle of private judgment. Doubtless the interpretation given by Modernists to the religious experience of those whom they study is very different from that given to it by other upholders of private judgment, such as the Lutherans or the Rationalists. But it is still private judgment, though in a new suit of clothes.

As for Newman, what has been cited from his writings to show his rejection of private judgment when at variance with the authoritative teaching of the Church, should suffice to relieve him of the suspicion of admiring it, even in this new suit. Besides, has he not said: "religion as a mere sentiment [which it is for Modernists] is to me a dream and a mockery"? We may, however, complete this study of the question by adducing Newman's opinion, formed as far back as 1835, on a mode of religious belief, substantially identical in certain of its aspects with the corresponding aspects of Modernism—that is, with those particular aspects of the latter for which the reviewer has held him responsible. A notable forerunner of Modernism, as regards these particular aspects, was Schleiermacher, who held that Christian faith does not consist "in the doctrinal propositions that have arisen from intellectual reflection on its nature," but is "a condition of devout feeling, a fact accordingly of inward experience, neither produced by thought nor depending on its existence, but, like all experience, simply an object to be observed and described."¹ Now Newman, in the year mentioned, wrote for the Series of *Tracts for the Times*, an essay on "Rationalism in Religion,"² in which he censured severely two books, then recently published and advocating a pietistic and almost pragmatic view of the Christian religion. Before this essay left the press its author had seen a work of Schleiermacher's. It distressed him greatly and caused him to say, in a *Post-script*, "it seems impossible to doubt that a serious doctrinal error is coming as a snare over the whole of the Protestant divisions of Christendom . . . being the result of an attempt of the intellect to delineate, philosophize, and justify that religion (so-called) of the heart and feelings, which has long prevailed."

It will be becoming to conclude this article by citing the

¹ *Evolution and Theology*. By Otto Pfleiderer. Engl. Edit. p. 103.

² *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. i. p. 96.

testimony to Newman's character as an orthodox and distinguished theologian rendered by the Supreme Pontiff himself, the illustrious author of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, in his Brief of Approbation accorded to the Bishop of Limerick's useful little pamphlet¹ on this very subject.

If [says Pius X. in his Brief] in what he wrote before he professed the Catholic Faith there may perchance be found something which bears a certain resemblance to some of the formulas of the Modernists, you justly deny that they are supported thereby: both because the meaning underlying the words is very different, as is also the purpose of the writer, and the author himself, in entering the Catholic Church, submitted all his writings to the authority of the Catholic Church herself, assuredly to be corrected if necessary. As for the numerous and important books which he wrote as a Catholic, it is hardly necessary to defend them against the suggestion of kindred with heresy. For amongst the English public, as everybody knows, John Henry Newman, in his writings unceasingly championed the cause of the Catholic Faith in such a way that his work was most salutary to his countrymen, and at the same time most highly esteemed by our predecessors. Accordingly he was found worthy to be made a Cardinal by Leo XIII., undoubtedly an acute judge of men and things, and to him thenceforward throughout all his life he was most deservedly most dear. No doubt in so great an abundance of his works something may be found which may seem to be foreign to the traditional method of the theologians, but nothing that could arouse a suspicion of his faith. And you rightly state that it is not to be wondered at if, at a time when no signs of the new heresy had shown themselves, his mode of expression in some places did not display a special caution: but that the Modernists act wrongly and deceitfully in twisting those words to their own meaning in opposition to the context.

With such a testimony to the full orthodoxy and magnificent services of the great Cardinal, his friends need not be too distressed that a writer ill-qualified to judge on such a question should have pronounced him to be "only half a Catholic."

S. F. S.

¹ Cardinal Newman and the Encyclical "*Pascendi*."

A Note on the Belgian Elections.

AFTER the decisive elections of 1884 THE MONTH¹ gladly hastened to hail the victory which the Belgian Catholics had gained that summer over a Government which had passed a series of anti-religious school-laws. The result of the elections which took place in Belgium on June 2, 1912, deserves to be welcomed by all Catholics with an equal degree of enthusiasm, for on that day Catholic Belgians achieved not so much a victory as a veritable triumph, the circumstances of which, as well as the important event itself, call for a careful and accurate presentment.

The Government for the previous twenty-eight years had been in the hands of Catholics, and, in spite of a constant succession of difficulties, they had governed well. During the course of a quarter of a century, prolific in economic and social changes, they had maintained their country in the front rank of civilized nations in all the different fields of human activity. Gradually and without any set-back, they replaced the old electoral privilege of some thousands of citizens by universal plural suffrage, tempered by the application of the proportional representation which France is on the eve of adopting, they reformed the military organization from top to bottom, they endowed their country with colonial possessions five times the size of France, they evolved a social legislation which can be held up as an example to other nations, they developed a smooth-working economic machinery, and combined everywhere with prosperity and peace a wide measure of liberty.

Nevertheless, twenty-eight years of continuous government is bound to create discontent—the very fact of such long tenure of power is enough with some people to constitute a grievance. Moreover, the two sections of the Opposition—the “Liberals” who are, in fact, ultra-radicals and bitterly anti-religious, and the Socialists who are openly revolutionary,

¹ “The Catholic Triumph in Belgium.” By A. G. Oates. November, 1884.

had formed a close alliance with the view of overthrowing the Catholic Government.

Certain circumstances seemed in their eyes to augur success. The ten-yearly census had caused the creation of twenty new seats in the Chamber of Deputies and ten in the Senate. Again, to put an end to the charge against them of not having a genuine majority in the country, the Government had caused the King to decree the dissolution of both Chambers.

The Opposition chose for the electoral campaign the field of education, and denounced to the country the Government project of granting to the voluntary schools, subject to efficient guarantees, financial support more in proportion to their services to the country. Entirely distorting this intention, the Liberals and Socialists all over the land made themselves hoarse with shouting that the Government was aiming at the destruction of the official schools, at the monopoly of education by the Church and at securing for the convents 20,000,000 francs a year. On these grounds the two anti-clerical parties promised themselves a brilliant victory, and their chiefs had already distributed the portfolios of the future Ministry between six Liberals and three Socialists. But in their day-dreams they had counted without the body of electors—their awakening has been rude.

In the old Chamber the Catholics numbered eighty-six against forty-four Liberals, thirty-five Socialists and one Christian Socialist: the new Chamber consists of 101 Catholics, forty-four Liberals, thirty-nine Socialists and two Christian Socialists. Thus, not satisfied with appropriating eleven of the twenty new seats, the Catholics have secured four from the Liberals and one from the Socialists, and have thus raised their majority from six to sixteen, a considerable advance under the proportional distribution system which allows the gaining of seats only one by one, rendering any great transference so to speak, impossible. A corresponding increase in the Senate brings the Catholic majority from eighteen to twenty.

The general result appears even more satisfactory when one examines the total of votes cast for each of the parties. All through the country the Catholics have gained a great number, whilst the Socialists have marked time and the Liberals gone back. And it is not that the country districts have triumphed over the towns and great centres. In the single

district of Brussels the Catholic party has gained 18,000 votes in two years whilst the combined Opposition have gained only 9,000, a proportion observable in all the other great towns. (These results are all the more remarkable in that since 1904 the Catholics lost ground at each election and their majority gradually diminished till it counted only about 16,000 votes. A sudden jump to 100,000 votes in the face of the desperate efforts of the Opposition must surely be reckoned a triumph. The defeated side have not tried to minimize the extent of their overthrow: in the bitterness of their disillusionment they have owned that June 2nd brought them, not the victory they dreamt of, but unprecedented defeat, the consequences of which, if they are to be made good, demand a complete change of tactics.

Nevertheless, certain anti-Catholic public men have been trying to mislead the outside world on the consequences of this conflict and to spread the impression that the Catholic victory is a misfortune to Belgium and to Europe at large.¹ Belgium, they say, will suffer because in this recrudescence of "reaction" and religious "obscurantism," the Catholic Government will continue to oppose the introduction of universal suffrage and compulsory education, and will put forth all its strength to secure the predominance of ecclesiastical authority. And moreover, this Catholic Government is not capable of making efficient the defence of the country against the attack of its powerful neighbours, France and England. On such arguments as these do certain writers rely to discredit in the eyes of foreigners the opponents they have not managed to overcome at home. To make good their case they have had to distort the facts in a singularly grotesque fashion.

Accusations of supporting religious fanaticism and encouraging clerical predominance accord but ill with the regime of genuine tolerance and practical freedom under which Belgians actually live. For proof of this one may appeal without hesitation to numerous Englishmen of every school of thought who live in the country or visit it, and ask if they have ever perceived, in the thousand and one manifestations of public life, the slightest trace of fanaticism or religious arrogance. In any case, is it at all credible that in an age of free discussion a system of government really

¹ English readers hardly need to be told how this manoeuvre is succeeding. The same English papers that applauded the robber republic of Portugal are now conspicuous in their lament over the Socialist defeat in Belgium.—[Ed.]

open to this reproach could have lasted for twenty-eight years?

Let us examine these charges in detail.

It is not true that the Catholic Government of Belgium is at all opposed to compulsory education. On the contrary they themselves proposed the very thing in a Bill which would have become law a year ago were it not for the obstruction of the Left. The point is that the Government wished to make instruction obligatory, under the very democratic condition that the law enforcing it should, at the same time, leave all heads of households free to choose the school to which they should send their children—a condition which would be nugatory in the case of poor households if the State did not grant to voluntary schools such financial aid as would enable them to give free instruction to the indigent in the way demanded by considerations of health and efficiency. This financial aid was not restricted to Catholic schools, but was to be granted to all, of whatever shade of belief, on condition that the numbers passed a certain minimum and that official inspection was accepted. There is little trace of fanaticism here.

An examination of the question of universal suffrage yields the same results. As a matter of fact the elections in Belgium are held in accordance with a system of "plural" universal suffrage which is not to be confounded with the "plural voting" common in England. Every male citizen above twenty-five years of age has a vote. A second vote is granted to every citizen over thirty-five with legitimate issue and paying a minimum of five francs a year in house-tax, and also to every citizen over twenty-five who owns immovable property of at least 2,000 francs value, or has a corresponding income from Belgian funds. Two supplementary votes are given to citizens over twenty-five, who have a profession or a diploma implying a completed course of higher instruction. In any case no person can use more than three votes.

This system dates from 1893, and is the result of a compromise between the different parties then represented in Parliament. No Catholic supports it as the ideal any more than he advocates universal suffrage pure and simple without anything to temper the brute force of numbers as the ideal. But the Socialists cry out for the latter system as the readiest means of attaining their end, the socialization of the means of production. And the Liberals join in the cry

hoping thus to find a way, at present undiscoverable, to overthrow the Catholic Government.

As a matter of fact it is probable that the abolition of supplementary votes would not greatly lessen the strength of the Catholic party, and, even if it added something to the Socialists, it would bring about the certain overthrow of the Liberals, who are almost all middle-class, and benefit most by the additional votes. But although the Catholics do not, from this point of view, fear universal suffrage, they see little to recommend the system in a country with so dense a population immersed in industries, and believe that the welfare of the land is better provided for by a system which allows due weight to education and property. They cannot, except from an anarchist standpoint, be called on that account reactionary, nay, rather their attitude is in strict accordance with the most advanced sociological science.

So much for the charges brought against the Government by the Opposition organs. Their weight is negligible, but on the other hand, and from every point of view, the Catholic victory affords reasons for congratulation. In the first place we may be thankful for the liberty and peace which it assures to the inhabitants of this little country into which the Liberals and Socialists long to introduce the sinister exploits of M. Combes. And secondly we are glad because the national institutions have escaped the terrible risk they would have run had they come under a regime based upon the submission of the Liberals (who are Monarchists) to the Republican Socialists.

A correspondent to an English journal writes that the success of the Catholics has destroyed the last hope of seeing an efficient organization of national defence. Nothing more ridiculous than this assertion can be imagined if one considers that an anti-clerical victory would have delivered the army into the hands of convinced "internationalists," who would make of the army a mere civilian force and immediately reduce the term of service to six months. The Catholic Government is keenly alive to all the duties which the needs of the country and the international situation impose upon it. It has already buckled itself resolutely to the task and the measures just now taken for this end prove that it is entitled to as much confidence as was the Catholic Cabinet of 1870, which made Belgian neutrality respected, by dint of measures which the Liberals of that day energetically opposed!

For the rest, in accordance with the declaration made on the morrow of the victory by the Prime Minister, the Baron de Broqueville, a man to whom Belgian Catholics owe everything at this moment, the Government is resolved to rule with the greatest moderation. The Opposition had chosen the school question as the battle-ground, and M. de Broqueville had shown very clearly how his Government meant to solve it. The electors have approved this solution, and nobody, therefore, has any grounds for astonishment at the fact that the Government intend to bring about a reform so plainly endorsed by the country. This reform, beyond all doubt, will be accomplished without injury to any well-founded interest or violation of any reasonable liberty.

The Government will also apply itself to the completion of its work of social organization, and it will begin by presenting to the Parliament a wide-stretching plan of assurance against sickness, incapacity and old age, suggested largely by the English law. It is preparing also a Bill for workmen's dwellings, and has other legislation in hand regarding small shop-keepers and retail industries.

It is hoped that, by a regime of true tolerance and of sound democratic progress, the Catholic party will continue thus to merit the confidence of the great majority of the citizens, drawing into its ranks many Liberals, wearied by the bigotry of their party, and many workmen also, won from the fallacies of an anti-national as well as anti-Christian Socialism. Not surely the work of a day, although the past history of the party suggests the confidence. Danger, however, lies in the immediate future, for the leaders of the Opposition have for more than a year past been rousing the passions of their followers by promising that if constitutional methods did not secure the overthrow of the Catholics, other measures more energetic would be adopted. And now these followers want them to keep their word, and are eager to have recourse to violence as soon as the Chambers re-assemble on July 9th. The leaders know well that the Government, strong in an authority just enhanced by their unprecedented triumph, will effectively put down any revolutionary movement, and they are trying to calm their impatience. But they may perhaps be too late and may have to reap the whirlwind they have sown. We may be sure that the Government will overcome in this conflict also, and that its victory will inaugurate a further period of even greater prosperity for independent Belgium.

ED. DEVOGHEL.

Gracechurch Papers.

VIII. GRACECHURCH HOUSE.

FOR many months after we went to live in Gracechurch I had no playfellows, as other children mostly have: my eldest brother was at Jacky Jackson's school, and, being four years older than me, chose his companions among the boys of his own age there: my second brother did not, then, live with us, but at Chester with our father's widowed mother, where we occasionally went to see him. Those visits, however, were not very cheerful, for the old lady only sent for us when she thought herself dying. I remember we were there on her eightieth birthday, and I laid out my entire capital in buying for her a pair of spectacles which I was so unlucky as to present with the only birthday greeting I knew.

" 'Many happy returns of the day, child '!' " she cried with fierce and indignant scorn, " Who on earth put such folly as *that* into your mouth? How many returns of her birthday do you suppose a dying woman of four-score years has to look for? It's a sad pity your mother has not taught you to take better care of your money."—And so following.

My grandmother was, I believe, a handsome old woman; but to me she appeared grimly ugly, sitting up rigidly in her big bed, the brown "front" that in health adorned her scalp (with a velvet band across the forehead to hold it firm) now airing itself on the dressing-table and perched, with her cap atop of it, on a wooden dummy with a long leg, and seeming to be looking over the way into the Deanery garden in a sightless, inhuman fashion. Her voice was by no means weak or subdued in spite of her announcement of approaching dissolution—indeed she did not die that time, nor the next either: and her keen dark-brown eyes were neither dimmed nor softened by age. Her hair was white, but her eyebrows were still dark, and had not lost the vigour of their frown.

" Eleanor, where's Fleetwood?" she proceeded to de-

mand of her only unmarried daughter, "and where's poor Charlotte—and that man?"

My eldest aunt went to look for them. Out of a large family of sons and daughters she was the only one that had never married: and it was her privilege to be always at home. Charlotte had married, not very young, and had nothing but a rather silly prettiness to recommend her: her husband was a big, ungainly, good-natured man of fifty or so, who had travelled a good deal and liked talking of his travels; but grandmama thought English people who did not stay quietly at home had better hold their tongues about it. Once, I remember, he was describing some Brazilian city to my mother, his mother-in-law dozing righteously in her high-backed chair the while.

"The ladies' costumes," he was saying, "are very picturesque, and the ladies are handsome too."

"Handsome!" shouted grandmama. "And what has a married man to do talking of handsome women?"

"Really, ma'am, I was only telling Monica . . ." the poor man began to explain: but no hearing was given him.

"Ay! And Monica might set a better example to her lads than sit still in her husband's mother's house listening to her sister's lawful husband talking of handsome Brazilian-esses. . . ."

Then my mother was rated, and "poor Charlotte" was rated more soundly still for "sitting smiling there" while her lawful, wedded husband "went on" in such scandalous fashion. I was sent to bed for the indiscretion of being present on so shocking an occasion, and my brother Fleetwood was set down to play chess with the abandoned traveller, lest the latter should save himself by flight to the club. Clubs, I had hitherto thought, were institutions that went in procession once a year, in Robin Hood costumes, and got seven shillings a week when out of work or disabled by sickness: from my paternal grandmother I gathered new and livid impressions that they were sinks of iniquity, where smoking of the most unbridled description was practised by idle husbands whose wives had not the strength of character requisite for keeping them at home.

So Fleetwood and uncle Hezekiah (poor uncle, luckless even in his baptism!) were put down to chess. My second brother's real name was Ralph, but grandmama's conjugal feelings were too sensitive to allow of her calling him by

the name that had been her husband's, a name by which she had scolded him daily during more than half a century: so she decreed that little Ralph should be known as Fleetwood—where he happened to have been born. My other brother and I were apt to forget this, and I think it was one of our mother's offences (not her only one, for she suffered us to spend our rare shillings in presents instead of wisely saving them up) that she was supposed to abet us in calling Ralph by the name she had given him in Baptism.

If Ralph turned out the reverse of a prig it was all to his credit: at Chester his bringing up was strictly calculated to turn him out a prig of the driest flavour. By the time he was ten he played chess with all the dignitaries, male and female, attached to the Cathedral, and lived in an atmosphere of cats, unctuously buttered muffins, and diaconal or archidiaconal criticism of the secular public. Grandmama's own cat, an elderly Persian bachelor, with a past perhaps, knew the tit-bits of all at table as well as the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson's dog knew the difference between cream and milk: and his intelligence was equally applauded. Verger was his sub-clerical name, and Verger was the only living creature I ever heard my grandfather's widow praise. But then he was dumb. Ah, that infused merit of dumbness! how often have I heard it counted to him (and others since) for righteousness! He knew as well when there were oysters—and oysters, mind you, have no smell, quoth grandmama (she had not read of George I. and his scorn of the tameness of English oysters that had not quitted their beds a week, like those of Hanover) and oysters are an acquired taste even for Christians! Could four-footed merit go further? Yes, it could: Verger knew well which was liver and which was gizzard, and would not have gizzard palmed off on him: that would do for aunt Eleanor.

It must be admitted I never appreciated my paternal grandmother. That her virtues were of a high order I knew on the highest authority: when she chose to be dying we were gathered about her bed, with what Charles II. would have called "unconscionable" frequency, and she mentioned them, in illustration of her fierce, almost triumphant, insistence on the fact that she was an abominable sinner. Had she particularized on her faults and merely generalized on her "dirty rags" of merit I think I might have liked her better. As it was, her dying philippics were intolerably

gloomy, and none the less because she was always back in the dining-room enjoying sweet-breads a week after them. She really is dead now: otherwise she would be a hundred and thirty-two years old. As nothing would induce her to believe in Purgatory I wonder where she thinks she is. I did not like her house either: it was a good house, in the most unimpeachable situation for a dignified clergyman's widow: its windows raked the Deanery gardens, its own garden ran back to the Cathedral itself: but the sun, a bachelor and "pagan I regret to say," never ogled it; and its mien was dowagerial and heavy—I was going to write "air," but there never was any air in it.

I did like walking in the Rows with my mother: rather furtive excursions these, for the best shops and the dearest were in the Rows, and grandmama brooked but ill that we should expose ourselves, unchaperoned by Aunt Charlotte, to their seduction: and I did like walking on the city walls in the same company. There was a tower on them from which poor King Charles once saw some battle in which his loyal troops were defeated—I instantly took his part, not as knowing anything about him, except that his side lost. Once we met a couple of soldiers, the first I had ever seen, and their splendour filled me with awe—they were pipers in some Highland regiment, I think. They smiled pleasantly at the small boy whose sincere admiration may have flattered them, and I felt deeply such condescension in persons of so exalted a position. Half an hour afterwards we were in sight of the Castle, which was their barrack, and, on the green outside it, saw a number of ragged and dirty children whom certain slatternly women were scolding for not permitting themselves to be caught and slapped.

"Those," my mother explained with a calmness that amazed me, "are some of the soldiers' children."

It was a heavy shock. Those brilliant creatures were not, it appeared, gentlemen of unlimited means and eminent rank. A blow of the same sort fell on me a year or so later, at home at Gracechurch, when I was first taken to see a travelling circus. In the middle of the arena stood a kind of Field Marshal (only his figure was more graceful) armed with a whip whose lash was nearly as long as a paying-off pennant: and I longed to be presented to him, nourishing a secret hope that he might stoop to drink tea with us. My mother did not see her way to seeking the desired introduc-

tion, which I attributed to diffidence in approaching the great: it was hard to believe my ears when she explained that her lukewarmness in admitting the ring-master to the bosom of her family was not precisely due to a meek sense of inferiority.

But we have wandered some distance from Gracechurch, and must hasten to return thither. There were, as I have said, no playfellows there for me till we had lived in the little town a good many months. That state of things came to an end by an accident that gave me the kindest friends of my youth.

Christmas came, and unspeakable were the delights it brought: the first snow I absolutely remember was one of them. I was born during a snow-storm, but that I did not profess to remember, often as I had heard of it. In this I was more discreet than Cardinal Manning, who told me, many years later, that the only part of his conduct as a child that had given umbrage to his strict and excellent parents was his obstinate insistence on a circumstantial recollection of their wedding. I never could, and never can, understand why people dislike and shudder at a snow-storm: to me it was, as a tiny child, and still remains, the loveliest, most exhilarating thing to look at of all the exquisite and mysterious loveliness that nature has to show us. My nurse said the angels were making the beds up in Heaven, and my only regret was that they made them at such negligently wide intervals. How lovely our homely street looked! How picturesque even old Richards had become as he trudged home with a sack over his shoulders for great-coat! The ugly slate roofs became miraculously beautiful: unsightly buildings seen from back-windows took shapes and meanings so strange and lovely that they lost all connection with common life and dull purposes. Something marvellous was happening whereby all the trivial workaday world was being lifted out of any earthly latitude into regions of shining mystery and heavenly beauty. My heart beats again, nearly fifty years after, with the memory, more than the memory, the repetition, of that first elation, when the snow comes again and brings back the first snow-storm I remember.

It came on Christmas Eve: and, at bed-time, all outside lay white and silent, as though the world were hiding its dark spots from the eyes of the Child that midnight brought: and holding her peace to let the angels' tender carol be heard unspoiled.

The Child that had everything was to send presents to children too poor to have many: and there they were, under our pillows, the first things we awoke to a dim unearthly consciousness of, long before the cold, late dawn broke. God only knows how poor our lonely mother was, or how, out of her poverty she never failed of her gifts for her fatherless children: heavenly gifts they seemed, and the other Child must have helped her. What rich mother can taste the ineffable sweetness of such self-denials as poor mothers only can imagine?

Post came, and its late arrival was not matter of impatience, but only part of the general uncommonness of Christmas. There were no bicycles in those days, and Mr. White arrived on foot, with nose and cheeks matching the robins' breasts on the cards he brought: he was hung about with bulging bags, and he seemed determined to find something for us in each of them. There were eleven letters for me, each enclosing at least one card, and one containing a "tip"—for I had an aunt, widowed like my mother, and poor enough to remember little nephews to whom such gifts were like the unlooked for inheritance of a gold-mine.

The joys of post were only half tasted by the time the church bells were flinging out their carol-peals over snowy street and field. But of that Christmas church-going we shall have to speak in another paper.

On Innocents' Day we were bidden to the first Christmas-tree I had ever heard of. It was for the smaller children of the parish, and was held in the infant-school that stood, almost out of the little town, on the top of St. John's Hill—so called from a priory of Knights of the Hospital that had stood there, and had disappeared thence even before the Reformation. I think that particular tree was given by Mrs. Grace of Gracechurch House, and the presents on it were graceful and beautiful, each carefully chosen by herself. I remember how it looked as well as if it were yesterday that I stood gazing at it. Our mother held us close to her, and bent to our ears whispering, "In the midst of the street thereof, and on both sides of the river, was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruits every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more." If this that we saw was the tree on this side of the river, what must that be like on the farther shore. . . . On the top even

of this one, swaying with a tremulous ecstasy, like a lark's that "from heaven's gate or near it" broods over her helpless fledglings, unfledged yet, hung a tiny angel, of pink wax, with wide golden wings. And Mrs. Grace gave it me. Colonel Grace was going round to all the children, asking what they would like, and coming back with his arms laden, from visit after visit to the glorious tree: no man had ever a kinder heart, or a more generous. It was a good thing that he was rich, for the poor that lived near him. But his wife was watching the children's eyes too.

"Harry," I heard her say, "I want *that*." And she nodded her beautiful head up at the soaring, stooping angel at the very top of the tall tree. It was not easy to get at it, and it was only meant for an ornament: but he had it down and put it in her hand. I did not wonder she wanted it. But it was not for herself.

"I am sure," she said to my mother, "your little boy wants this." And she gave it me. No lady had ever a friendlier smile, or a sweeter: it shines out from beyond the great gates that closed on her five and forty years ago, undimmed and unforgotten. By her side was her own little boy, her youngest child then, younger even than myself, and she left him with us, but we did not talk much, only peeping shyly at each other: I had no idea then that he was to be the great friend of my childhood and boyhood.

Colonel Grace soon came back.

"I must give you something too," he said, filling my arms with presents off the inexhaustible tree.

By Sunday all the snow was gone, and a soft mild air had broken itself off from spring, and was making the silly little sanguine birds forget that it was December still. All by myself, that memorable Sunday afternoon, I was playing in the churchyard—a game of my own, with two children, "Robert and Georgie, aged 6 and 5 years," the record of whose brief earthly course was inscribed on a low stone under the wall that separated that part of the big churchyard from the Vicarage gardens.

"That is the little boy that wanted the wax Cupid off the Christmas-tree," I heard a voice say, and looked up. There were Colonel Grace and Mrs. Grace, going home from a visit to Mrs. Derbyshire, the vicar's wife.

"Harry, it was *not* a Cupid," Mrs. Grace protested in indignant parenthesis. "Are you all alone?" she said to me, over the low mossy wall.

It was no use telling her: grown-up people could not be supposed to understand children's games: so I attempted no explanation, though I knew very well that "Robert aged 6 years" was dark and slightly lame, whereas Georgie had golden hair and sang best.

"Let's take him home to tea," said Colonel Grace.

"Would your mother mind?" asked Mrs. Grace.

"Come along," the Colonel called out, decisively. "Wilks shall go and tell Mrs. Ayscough we've stolen him."

Wilks I knew. He was the cowman, a long, awkwardly jointed man, with eleven children and a vague smile that never quite arrived or had any particular occasion for even promising to arrive. He looked after the Gracechurch House poultry, and went on any errand that was not supposed to demand headlong haste.

It seemed a strong measure: but there was nothing gipsyish about the kidnappers, and there could be no motive for a permanent theft, as they were provided with five young Graces of their own—I was not yet aware that three was the orthodox number: so I went.

To Gracechurch House was a walk of less than five minutes: Colonel Grace let us and himself in without ringing, and the school-room was the first room we came to: it was large and comfortable with none of the spare gauntness often considered essential in a school-room. On a large table a formidable array of plates, cups and saucers was set out, for there was never any drawing-room tea at Gracechurch House, all visitors being brought to the school-room. Miss Tatten, armed with a copper kettle, was making tea and sustaining obvious defeat in an argument with Cynthia Fielding, Colonel Grace's step-daughter, who was then a very lovely girl of sixteen. Her brothers, Roger and Eustace, home from Sandhurst and Oxford, were taking the stronger side and converting the poor governess's defeat into a rout. Lisa, Mildred, and Veronica Grace had possession of all the rocking-horse except his tail with which Nanette, at the other end of the room, was dusting her little brother's face as though he were a Dresden China little boy, or some object infested with mosquitoes. So many introductions would have been very trying, and I was presented only to Miss Tatten.

"This, Tattie," observed Colonel Grace, "is Johnnie Ayscough, whom we found among the tombs."

If I was a demoniac I was such a little one that Miss

Tatten only smiled provisionally. On the whole, I think, she slightly disapproved of children except those under her charge: and our acquaintance never ripened, on her side, to anything mellow than an unbiassed readiness to disapprove of anything reprehensible that might supervene in me. Miss Tatten had been poor for over half a century and had a prejudice in favour of people with ample means. She adored Colonel and Mrs. Grace, and would have taught their children a great deal had she known anything herself. As it was she spoiled them and apprehensively awaited the moment, to arrive very soon now, when a more efficient governess would step into her pattering satin shoes. Her pupils were all clever, but she had never caught the infection.

Nobody, I think, ever disliked Miss Tatten unless it were Bram, who now sailed into the school-room by a door that led to the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Brampton had never married, but took brevet rank and title, and had long ceased to be a servant and become a very highly trusted friend. She had been nurse to all the Grace children, who all loved her, chaffed her, and respected her. Miss Tatten was small and compact, with a twittering, fussily meek demeanour. "Bram" was tallish, and had the manner of a Duchess who had seen better days, but did not mind. Her heirloom was a bit of her own jawbone, with three childish teeth in it, which for some cause had been removed, some sixty years before, from the usual situation, and now reposed in a small shagreen box in her writing-desk, whence, on occasions calling for special reward or encouragement, it was drawn forth and displayed. Had the relic not become one, Bram's smile might have been more level, so to speak, but it would have lost character. She had another distinction called "flushes." When walking with us she would occasionally sign to us to walk on—and we were not supposed to look back. Had we done so we should have seen her standing still with a cambric handkerchief pressed to her face, as though the teeth in her desk were still aching.

Bram had a grim and caustic power of repartee, but a kind and most true heart, and I doubt if there were ever a better Wesleyan. When, nearly fourteen years after our first meeting, I became a Catholic, she assured me that she was now at liberty to respect me—"as honest in error": which left the unpleasant inference that dishonesty in truth was the common lot of Anglicans.

School-room tea was a solid meal at Gracechurch House, and I remember, years after this, hearing a visitor ask with some awe, "Do I understand that you *dine* after this?" When we had finished, it was decided by Mrs. Grace that we (that is, her younger children and their small guest) should play Hare and Hounds—a game of which I had never heard. It had a somewhat sporting sound for a Sunday amusement, but, as I had already seen my new friends taking rocking-horse exercise unchidden, it seemed that to follow the chase aföot was but another illustration of the same principle. At home Noah's Ark had been my only Sunday toy: but Noah and his family (as representing the human race) had in my hands, like man, to play many parts. Sometimes they were farmers, sometimes they held a market, in which elephants and canaries of the same size were exposed for sale. Without Scripture warrant, my ark contained a dozen trees—like green thimbles on pink stalks, which gave quite a Continental look to the market-place.

My notion of Hare and Hounds was unfortunately realistic: Nanette was elected hare, and, after an excellent run up and down a rather steep country, including the back and front stairs, I ran her to earth just outside the study-door—where Colonel Grace was writing letters—and seized her with my teeth. She wept, and my conduct was justly reprobated: deeply contrite, and of a rich peony colour, I was haled before the Colonel, to whom I pleaded my ignorance of the game, and my impression that a dog in my circumstances would *not* have merely laid hold of the hare's pink sash with his paw—as I now learned too late was the etiquette I should have observed.

"Well, well! You're sorry, aren't you, Johnnie?" Colonel Grace observed—mildly impatient to go on with his letters. "Beg her pardon and kiss her."

The sentence was terribly embarrassing. Offender and *offendee* each numbered seven springs at most: but, if the latter had numbered seventeen summers, the culprit could not have obeyed more shyly. Miss Tatten, on hearing of my reprehensible behaviour, lifted her drab eyebrows and said she was surprised, clearly meaning that she wasn't. Bram, on the other hand, advocated a more Sabbatical and less "tearing" recreation, and, repentance being in the air, a quiet game of Church was decided upon. It was politely suggested that I should be clergyman, and one of Tot's night-

gowns was offered as surplice, and a cylindrical clothes-basket as pulpit—Tot was Mrs. Grace's little boy, who was not called Peregrine for many years yet. Conscious, however, of the defective nature of my recent personal conduct I excused myself from preaching to others, and Veronica, most uncanonically, was voted into the clothes-basket. Thrown off its balance by the fire of her eloquence, it capsized, which instantly suggested a change of metaphor.

"She looks," we agreed, "exactly like Jonah," and the nursery sofa was promptly equipped as a ship, whence Tot was cast into the deep to be swallowed by the wicker whale. He could get in himself: but *we* assisted nature when the moment for his rejection by the fish arrived.

So passed my first visit to Gracechurch House, where for many years, thenceforth, the greater part of my time was spent: and I must say we hardly ever quarrelled, though we played at brigands and highwaymen, and many other games that might have led to resentment, considering how little the public has ever liked being robbed, or held up to ransom under pain of the loss of an ear, or so. As for Colonel and Mrs. Grace, they treated me precisely as they treated their own children, none of whom ever betrayed or felt the slightest jealousy, or the smallest remembrance that their playfellow was very poor, and could not possibly have counted on such pleasures as were brought into his life by his intimacy with them.

Colonel and Mrs. Grace have been dead many, many years: but if the unforgetting gratitude of a child on whom they showered unnumbered kindnesses can weave a wreath unfading, they are not uncrowned.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

"The Stirs of Wisbech."

AMONG the strange incidents of the persecution period, which could not conceivably be transferred to the twentieth century, one must certainly reckon the so-called "Stirs of Wisbech." For nearly a year some thirty imprisoned priests carried on, within the narrow walls of Wisbech Castle, a domestic feud, of astonishing acrimony and bitterness. Then came a reconciliation as hearty and touching, as it is well possible to conceive. Though this reconciliation, one regrets to add, did not prove quite permanent, it nevertheless may be said to have done what might reasonably have been expected. It preserved the community henceforth from disturbances of domestic origin. If it gave way eventually, this was due to great and unusual pressure from without.

The story in its main outline is already well enough known, but it has hitherto been described with a pessimism, the justice of which one may now question. One can, of course, understand those who approach the history from a professedly non-Catholic point of view, like the late Mr. Law, underlining heavily the passionate accusations on either side. An almost equally sinister impression is produced by Canon Tierney, who here, as elsewhere, omits few of the shadows thrown by the old controversialists. Even the late Father John Morris goes so far as to express his pleasure at being able to avoid the subject, lest he should revive "a now happily forgotten discord."¹

By the kindness of H. E. Cardinal Bourne, however, I have been able to study some new and important documents relating to the subject, in the Archives of the Archdiocese of Westminster, which enable us to judge of the subject on first-hand evidence, without having to rely, like our predeces-

¹ T. G. Law, *Jesuits and Seculars in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with a reprint of Bagshaw's "True Relation of the Faction begun at Wisbech."* London, 1889. Idem, *The Archpriest Controversy* (Camden Soc.), London, 1896, 1897. M. A. Tierney, *Dodd's Church History of England*, London, 1840, vol. iii., pp. 44, and civ. to cxvii. This contains some important documents from Stonyhurst. J. Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, 1875, vol. ii.

sors, on the irritated and irritating controversialists of the past, from whom in truth it is difficult to draw anything without a large admixture of fire and fury. These papers, I will call the Bagshaw Correspondence, for they comprise some forty-two pieces, once in the portfolios of Dr. Christopher Bagshaw, and used by him in compiling his *True Relation of the Faction begun in Wisbech*. How and when they passed into the Archiepiscopal Archives I cannot determine, but it seems probable that they were purchased and presented by the late Father Knox, who did so much to enhance the value of that magnificent collection. Their value, as it seems to me, consists less in the new facts they reveal, than in the more homely, human, and natural light they throw upon troubles which have hitherto always been described as too exasperating for sober inquiry, how truly the reader must now judge.¹

It had long been the policy of the persecutors to keep in wearisome restraint such victims as it could neither release nor execute, and in the year 1579, the decayed and now destroyed Castle of Wisbech was requisitioned for this purpose. Thither were transferred Bishop Watson and other survivors of the Marian clergy, and as they died off others of the later Seminary priests were sent in to fill their places. The treatment was severe, and the prisoners had little intercourse with one another, as they only met at meals under the keeper's eye, being, as a rule, locked up each in his room.

But somewhere about the year 1593, the rigour of their imprisonment was much relaxed. On November 16, 1592, the Privy Council had allowed the government of the castle to be remodelled on that of the Fleet prison, which was the easiest in London, and about the same time, Thomas Gray, the keeper, having died, William Medeley, a gentleman by birth, was appointed to the fairly lucrative post. Despite his faults, this man at least understood the impolicy of severity for its own sake; and he was not afraid of granting a certain amount of liberty. By degrees many of the old irritating restraints were removed. The keeper and his wife no longer sat watching their prisoners during meals, nor were they locked up all day solitary in their cells, but allowed to con-

¹ The documents are *Westminster Archives*, vol. iv., n. 39; vol. v., nn. 3—22, 24, 26—32, 51, 73, 87—89, 115—118; vol. vi., nn. 13, 14. Bagshaw probably gave them to some official of Bishop Bancroft, who has endorsed them. The series apparently once formed part, and the first part, of the collection now in the Inner Temple Library, edited by Law for the Camden Society, *ut supra*.

verse with each other, and even, under restraints, to receive the visitors who brought them money and other means of subsistence.

This was for England a quite unusual amount of toleration, and Catholics would come long journeys with their little gifts to offer to the "confessors of Wisbech," and return delighted with having been for a time in an openly and exclusively Catholic house, where they could obtain not only encouragement and advice, but also the sacraments, with hardly any concealment. Father Henry Garnet, accompanied by three or four gentlemen, was among the first to go there; and on his return he wrote:

I assure you that the being with you hath wrought such effect in the hearts of all that were with me, that they never saw place or persons which more delighted them. For my own part I tell you very sincerely, that it was the greatest comfort to be amongst you, which I had these whole seven years.

Later on, recurring to the same visit, he added that: "The time he was with them, he thought himselfe all that while, to have felt the joys of Heaven."¹

Of the relative good fortune of priests imprisoned there—that is, when compared with the anxieties of those at liberty, John Mush wrote, when hearing that one of the prisoners had escaped, "Alas, why did not he know when he was well off. Many of us would be right glad to change places with you."²

But liberty always brings with it the duty of self-government, and at the moment there was a strong conflict of opinions as to the proper course to follow. This opposition of ideals corresponded with the difference in character between two remarkable men in the community, the Jesuit, Father William Weston, and Christopher Bagshaw, D.D.

Their careers had to some extent run closely parallel. Both had been at Oxford at the same time, and both had done well there, but Weston had been converted sooner, and had passed most of his University studies abroad. Bagshaw not only completed his course at Oxford, but had risen to be Vice-Principal of Gloucester Hall, before he too felt the call. Both had been at Douay, or Rheims, and Weston, when he left to become a Jesuit, had given over to the College all he then possessed. Both

¹ Bagshaw, *True Relation*, pp. 61, 62.

² *Arch. West.*, v., n. 51.

returned to England about the same time, but Bagshaw had been arrested immediately (1585), Weston after two years (1584—1586) of very successful missionary work. Besides high intellectual gifts, both had excellent moral qualities, but with shortcomings. Weston was very spiritual and ascetic, and an excellent disciplinarian; but on the other hand he was distinctly suspicious of the free and easy, and if severe to himself, none too easy with others. Both had the power of winning devoted friendships. The firmness with which the majority of the priests at Wisbech held to Weston, under difficulty, is very remarkable; and Bagshaw's power of binding his friends to him is not less signal. They all offer him their services with an unfailing earnestness, which comes out in the new papers more clearly than could have been expected before.

Judging exclusively from his good qualities, one might have expected from Christopher Bagshaw a career of remarkable honour to himself, and of utility to his cause; but unfortunately he had a propensity, one might almost say a genius, for quarrelling, which marred every chance of his doing great good on behalf of religion. At Oxford, at Rheims, and at Rome he had proved intractable, impatient of advice or reprehension, excitable, combative.¹

Here the opportunities for discord were few, while the confinement was solitary, and such differences as did arise were overruled by the authority of Father Thomas Metham, who had been admitted to the Society while in prison, which indeed he never after left. Besides considerable learning and affability, Metham had the prestige of having been appointed in some informal way, by Bishop Watson, the last of the old hierarchy. Anyhow, he managed to keep order until his death, which, according to Father Weston, took place just as the days of greater liberty were beginning, when the presence of a commanding, but conciliatory mind, was so much needed to encourage and bind together all that made for peace and contentment, and to bring healthy public opinion to bear upon those who required its restraint. For, if we shall have a good deal to say of the disturbing elements, it must not be forgotten that there was also on all hands much zeal and kindness, and that nearly two years passed before the troubles came to a head. There were good

¹ See *Dictionary of National Biography*, under "Bagshaw, Christopher"; *Persons, Apologie*, p. 70; T. F. Knox, *Douay Diaries*, p. 330, where a remarkable character of him is given by Dr. Barrett.

students on both sides, and they had accumulated a fair store of books, inasmuch that we find priests in freedom begging books of them.¹ Even those whom we shall have to criticize were worthy men, whose peccadilloes would in ordinary circumstances have been corrected well enough by ordinary means. At present, however, there were no means whatever of putting pressure upon the unruly, while the close and constant herding of those who hated noise with those who loved it, might have been sufficient even by itself to have created an atmosphere of great nervous tension.

Among those who enjoyed debate, besides Bagshaw, there was also William Norden, a Doctor of Medicine, and Thomas Bluett, D.D., who were almost as combative as he, and rougher in their methods. There was Thomas Stampe, who apostatized in the middle of 1594, Ralph Ithell and Francis Tillotson, who followed his example later on, and always gave cause of anxiety to their fellow-priests; and there were one or two others, like George Potter, who had been unruly at the seminaries, and were still rough of tongue, or otherwise unsociable. These disturbing elements were often opposed to each other, but when they began to join forces, the situation gradually became a very difficult one for those who, like Father Weston, were decided admirers of ecclesiastical discipline.

Not only were they galled by "daily brawling, chiding and contumelious slanders"; there was also room for anxiety (Weston erroneously thought for serious fear), lest the rough horse-play and neglect of clerical conventions should end, as it so often does, in public scandal. Had such occurred, all would have been involved in the disgrace, and Weston feared that he, as a Jesuit, might have been more decried than any. After the Christmas festivities of 1594 therefore, Father Weston made up his mind that he would, so far as possible, keep aloof from the clamorous. He said he had business in his room, got his commons taken there, and there he stayed.²

Ere long the quieter priests began to join him, and by the beginning of February twenty, that is sixty per cent. of

¹ Dudley to Bagshaw, *Westminster Archives*, v. n. 3a.

² Bagshaw in his later book jeeringly suggested that Weston was shocked at the introduction of a hobby-horse into the hall at dinner (*True Relation*, p. 18.) Certainly, if a priest acted that part, it may well be that the Padre had reason. Bagshaw, in this book, however, was so reckless in his gibes that they deserve little attention.

the whole number of thirty-three prisoners, had resolved to adopt a form of college life in prison; and on February 7th they wrote to Father Garnet, announcing their intention, and their desire to have Father Weston as their Superior. Weston, however, had refused, unless Garnet would consent, which they therefore begged him to do. They also sent copies of the twenty-two rules they had drawn up for their guidance, and a paper on the disorders and dangers from which they wished to preserve themselves.¹

Father Garnet received the application with pleasure. He took a very hopeful view of the future, and too easily persuaded himself that "all the prisoners would ere long join body and soul in so holy and useful a reform."² Still he was also aware that for the time there was the opposition of a considerable minority to reckon with; and he therefore proceeded cautiously. Weston must not have the title of Superior, nor the place of honour at table, still less should he have the power to inflict penances. In other respects he might act as "Agent" of the company, to settle and supervise any matters of discipline and regularity, to give exhortations, and discharge other such offices. The main authority was to be the vote of the majority.

Excellent as Father Garnet's intentions were, his plan of an Agency, when subjected to the test of incessant and unfriendly criticism, did not prove a permanent success. Garnet had unfortunately miscalculated the temper of the minority; and he might have foreseen that several of the rules, especially the first, to which we shall return, would not prove generally acceptable. One feels that if the scheme was not workable without Garnet's somewhat petty precautions, it was not likely to be a good practical measure.

Owing, perhaps, to the loud and vigorous opposition which Bagshaw and his company were making against the separation, Weston did not at once publish Garnet's answer; at all events not in full, and the separation, though begun, was not carried through.

One of the regular visitors to Wisbech at this time was

¹ The original letter of the eighteen priests (Weston and Pound the layman, being Jesuits, would have written separately) is at Stonyhurst (*Anglia*, ii. 2), printed Tierney, iii., ap. 104. In the *Westminster Archives* there are two copies (v. nn. 7, 8), giving also the twenty-two rules. The table of disorders appears to be lost, but Persons prints the heads of four sections in his *Apologie* 71b.

² Tierney, *Dodd's History*, vol. iii., p. cxi.

an old priest called Alban Dolman, then going under the name of Mr. Newton, an enthusiastic friend of Bagshaw's, for whom he used to collect alms. Sure of his man and knowing that he had actually made up his mind against Weston's party,¹ Bagshaw pressed him to act as arbitrator between them, and Dolman consented. This was very characteristic of Bagshaw, and though perhaps, considering the simplicity of the times, not very blameworthy in Dolman, it was nevertheless a very short-sighted policy, and led to still greater divisions.

Dolman began proceedings, but soon discovered that, if his opinion was to carry any weight, he ought to have an assessor to back him up. So he broke off his inquiry, and left Wisbech, meaning to return after Easter. On their side, Weston's party agreed that they would not complete their plans for separation till his return. Riding to Norwich, Dolman met an old Marian priest, E. Windham, D.D., then going by the name of Clarke, to whom he told the whole story. Windham listened, and with so much attention, that Dolman flattered himself that he was altogether on his side, though for various reasons he refused to undertake the post of arbiter. Thinking, therefore, that he now had the support that was necessary, Dolman actually turned his horse, and rode back to Wisbech, to tell the prisoners that Dr. Windham, having heard the story, had agreed with him. They ought, therefore, now to accept his verdict without further demur; and that verdict was that "their separation was against charity, their canons [*i.e.*, the twenty-two rules] without authority, and their libelling against good learning." Weston's party were not so easily moved as he had expected. Let him come back after Easter with his assessor, as he had arranged, and complete his inquiry, according to agreement. Then they would take further resolution.

When he had gone, they wrote to Dr. Windham to inquire into the grounds of his alleged support of Dolman, and his answer was so different from Dolman's report of it, that the majority now actually reckoned him on their side. Though this letter is lost, we have a letter from Bagshaw, expostulating with Windham for countenancing the division, and to this we have his answer, in which he now formally

¹ "We were content Mr. Newton should hear the case: their calumniations he knew sufficiently before." (Bagshaw to Windham, n.d. *Arch. West.* v. n. 3.)

denies every clause of the answer attributed to him by Dolman. "Such things were said to him" by Dolman, and he had given hypothetical answers, but he had explicitly declined any formal opinion on the subject. "The reporter [Dolman] hath delivered his own opinion, not mine."

This is a small point, but it is eminently characteristic of the childish anxiety of Bagshaw and his "fautors" to score against their opponents, an anxiety so overwhelming that it deprived them of all chance of acting, or of writing with fairness. Thus Bagshaw has incorporated in his printed book Dolman's account (somewhat shortened) of Windham's opinion,¹ though he kept among his papers Windham's letter denying its authenticity, and Dolman continued to pose as an arbitrator, though partiality so blind as his was sure in that office to deepen and embitter the quarrel.

"A fortnight after Easter," (that is, the 4th of May), Dolman returned, bringing with him John Bavant, D.D., Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and then one of the most respected priests in England. He was well received by both parties, and set to work to see if some common form of "regiment," acceptable to both sides, could not be devised. On the second day, however, Bagshaw and his company declared that they had not agreed to the formulation of new rules; all they wanted the arbiters to do was to end the separation. This declaration, involving, as it seemed to do, the principle that the majority must yield absolutely to the minority, was ominous. It was next proposed that all should sign a general "form of pacification," declaring that they forgave and forgot all past offences, and again all declared themselves ready. But when Weston pointed out that their company did not consider their separation a fault, Dolman let the matter drop, exclaiming that "all the breach was about that matter."

It was now becoming clear that there was below the surface a more serious cause of division than any which had yet been debated. The party of reform had declared that they desired the protection of clerical conventions. It need not surprise us that Bagshaw and his company, men of warm tempers, and inclined to suspect the worst, should declare that they had been charged, by implication at least, (and as they believed, also in terms,) with having failed, and failed grievously, against those conventions. This inference was not

¹ *True Relation*, p. 33; *Westminster Archives*, v., n. 9.

just, for the reformers aimed at no extraordinary precautions. They only proposed such regulations as priests, living together in colleges, might or did practise, without occasioning any sinister reflections to fall upon those who did not. The provision was prophylactic, not remedial. It had in view threatening dangers, not past disorders. It is in fact clear that there was no foundation for Bagshaw's charge; Weston and his company had never propagated "enormous charges" against their opponents, nor "pretended great and horrible crimes."¹

Still the reformers must have specified some abuses, and the question arises: How far did they go? Their list of *gravamina* appears to be lost, but Father Persons quoted some of its headings,² and it is probable that he would have not omitted a hint at serious matters if they had been there. The extracts, however, treat solely of bad manners and occasional rowdyism. From Father Garnet, however, the majority did not conceal that there were also *suspectae cum foeminis familiaritates*; and that they feared [nay they mistakenly even thought] that scandal would some day ensue (*scandalosum quid aliquando eventurum putant*).³ This is the worst, and the important point to notice is, that they have in view the future, not the past; not anything yet done, but a possible, a dreaded contingency.⁴

The party of reform had therefore never brought any

¹ We can tell the worst that Bagshaw suspected from a clause in his letter to Windham. It seems that Dolman had heard say that "one of the company was accused of little less than rape, another of incontinent behaviour, another of betraying secrets to the keeper" (*Arch. West.* v. p. 9). But we have already seen that Dolman's credulity was excessive.

² Persons, *Apologie*, p. 71b.

³ Garnet to Aquaviva, 12 July, 1595. Tierney-Dodd, iii., p. cvi. An example of such *suspectae familiaritates*, in Bagshaw, *True Relation*, edit. Law, pp. 43, 44. In the pessimistic paper, drawn up for the procurators of the Archpriest by Persons, the same charge is brought against Bagshaw himself, as well as against Calverley and Potter, who were of his company (Oscott MS., 534). Exaggerated as Persons' paper is, Tierney's summary (Tierney-Dodd, iii. p. clvii.) makes it worse. The charges do not, in fact, go beyond "suspicious familiarities."

⁴ A very serious mistake by Mr. Law needs correction. He states roundly that Weston, charging his adversaries, "used the words, 'whoredom, drunkenness, and dicing.'" Tierney (perhaps misled by the same passage) says that Weston "charged them with the grossest violations of morality" (vol. iii. p. 43 n.). But when one finds the original passage, one discovers that Law's phrase is only a third-hand version of Weston's words, and that the channels were first Norden, then Bagshaw, both passionately reckless partisans. To describe these as Weston's words, without further explanation, is quite indefensible. (Compare *True Relation*, edit. Law, p. 21, with p. liv.)

"gross charges" against their fellow-prisoners;¹ nor, I add in passing, has anyone done so, an argument from silence, which in a case like this, where the prisoners were always watched with suspicious eyes, must be considered conclusive.

Nevertheless, the matters that did need reform, must inevitably have formed a very thorny subject for discussion before arbitrators, one of whom at least was a mere partisan. We cannot wonder that the attempt to discuss them was soon given up. Both sides declared it was not *they* who were to blame, and some heated correspondence followed the departure of the mediators *re infecta*. The situation was worse than before. Weston's company completed their secession. The minority, by their favour with the keeper, kept the majority out of hall and kitchen, and they were driven with great inconvenience to cook and take their meals in their own rooms.

The arbitrators left about the middle of May, and the relations between the two parties continued to be strained for the next half-year. At first there was some angry correspondence. Bagshaw took Bavant to task, Southworth and Dolman wrote long, but important statements of their respective lines of conduct, Dolman touching up his adversary's "folly," "arrogance," and "devilish speeches," declares he will "pull off the mask" from this "Jackanapes," "the perfidiousest man that ever took pen in hand, and the lyingest that ever spake with a pair of lips."²

The game was not always played with scrupulous fairness. Thus Dolman complained (May 20th) to Bagshaw, of the Rev. [?William] Drayton, a secular priest (afterwards one of the Assistants of the Archpriest), who charitably gathered alms for the majority. At Michaelmas he came to Wisbech, presumably to bring what he had collected; but Bagshaw's party wished "to bar him the place." Hereupon,

¹ So far as we know Weston never made any charges at all. He had indeed to explain his conduct to his superiors, but in the only letter extant (Stonyhurst, *Anglia*, ii. 34) he uses quite brief, unimpassioned terms, "corrupti et incompuncti quorundam mores." In his *Memoirs* he only alludes vaguely to the subject: "I think [it] had better be omitted entirely, or the narration may be left to others, which I should prefer." (*Catholic Record Society*, i. 73.)

Bagshaw, pp. 34, 35, followed by Law (note *ibid.*) and Tierney, p. cxiii. n., say that Weston seemed to take pride in using general terms, which while libelling all, could be said "not to injure anyone in particular." Until it is shown that Weston made any charges, Bagshaw's malicious ingenuity is altogether out of place.

² *Westminster Archives*, v., nn. 15 to 17, and 18, 19, all undated.

Calverley, one of that company, went to Hall, the porter, and told him to warn Drayton that a warrant for his arrest had come out, and was in the chief keeper's hands. Hall, though well aware that this was not true, gave the message, and Drayton hastily departed, and did not return for some time.¹

In course of time, however, the initial irritation began to calm down. There was some talk about the matter outside the prison walls, but not much; the English Catholics of that day being of necessity a very reticent generation. It was not until July that Father Garnet gave his report of the occurrence to the Father General, and he was then still under the impression that the opposition would gradually die down. Bagshaw himself admits that public opinion now began to go against him;² and we may suppose, too, that his anxiety lest he should have been libelled, would become less acute, when for many months nothing more was heard about it.

In October he again procured the intervention of his friends, and this time with better results. John Mush, the elder of the new mediators, was an honest, out-spoken Yorkshireman, who was in time, under Bagshaw's influence, to develop a great animosity against the *Padri*. In early years, however, he had been a great admirer of the Society, had taken the vows of devotion, and had been received into the merits of the Order.³ Signs of change had indeed been visible of late, but there was as yet no reason why he should not be accepted and trusted by both sides; as in fact he was. The other arbiter, Richard Dudley, eldest son of an important Westmorland family, but cast out on becoming a Catholic, was a good deal younger. He had been Bagshaw's companion at Rome, and a great intimacy had sprung up between them. The younger man regarded the elder with genuine affection, and always called him his second Father; while Bagshaw could it seems take hints from Dudley, which he would have resented if offered by others.

¹ Dolman's letter is *Arch. West.* v., n. 12, and is quoted in the *True Relation*, p. 49, where, however, Drayton's name is suppressed. The story of his being "barred" from the castle is told by Hall, the porter (*Domestic Calendar*, 1596, p. 196). It is true that he uses the name Laiton, not Drayton, and that we cannot prove their identity, which is nevertheless extremely probable. Of course it in no way affects the unsportsmanlike character (to say nothing worse) of Calverley's trick. For Drayton, otherwise Hance, see Morris, *John Gerard*, p. 63.

² *True Relation*, pp. 48, 50.

³ Stonyhurst, *Anglia*, ii., n. 33, and *Anglia Historica*, i., f. 322.

Coming to Wisbech in October, Mush and Dudley found the situation far more promising than it had been. The opposition no longer demanded an inquiry into alleged accusations, and they were ready themselves to undertake some form of "regiment." The "pacification" suggested did not at once win the acceptance of Weston's company, but they admitted that it gave hopes of success.

The arbitrators, having business in London, then continued their journey, hoping to complete the negotiation at their return. This will have taken place on or about the 22nd of October, on which day Garnet wrote to Mush and to Bagshaw, warmly advocating reunion.¹

Originally, as we have seen, Garnet had expected that the minority would be absorbed by the majority. On the 8th of October he wrote to Bagshaw, a letter in which we find that he has given up this hope, and pleads that each side should be left free to do as they thought best. Now that he has spoken to the delegates, he is strongly in favour of a compromise. He begs the twenty to give up some of their good practices for the sake of peace, and the rest to admit some further reforms for the same good reason. But he rightly refused to interfere, or to use his authority even over Weston, and he begs all to stand to the principle, that the voice of the majority should be binding.

Strengthened with these letters, Mush and Dudley returned, and began to discuss anew the plan of conciliation; indeed, according to Mush, he had to revise it not less than twenty times. Finally, however, it was accepted on the 6th of November, and signed by both sides. Both, no doubt, had some difficulty to overcome, but once the step was taken, there was no restraining the yearning for union, which, in spite of all exterior differences, burnt strong in the hearts of all. Tears suddenly burst from their eyes, they fell upon one another's necks, and embraced with tenderest affection; for a long time no one could speak for joy. Nor was this a mere passing emotion. Bagshaw wrote in cordial and affectionate terms to Garnet on the day of reconciliation and again on the 4th of December, when he went so far as to treat the whole quarrel as an example of *amantium irae*, which would eventually strengthen the bond of union between them.

This happy day throws back a useful light on several points previously in debate. In the first place we see that

¹ Westminster Archives, v., np. 26, 27.

no principles were involved in the separation, and no constitutional changes were necessary for peace; secondly, the quarrel was due to personal peculiarities and incompatible temperaments, and to the strain on the nerves caused by the prolonged imprisonment; thirdly, some discipline was needed, as is proved by the common consent by which it was eventually admitted; lastly, the charge of libelling one another was not profoundly felt, or it would not have been tacitly allowed to drop altogether.

The "General Agreement" contained ordinations, which provided and defined the duties of two treasurers, four stewards, and other domestic officers. The most interesting rules are those for avoiding further breaches of the peace. Fines from two to twenty shillings (payable to the common purse), might be inflicted, for breach of order by "words notoriously injurious and scandalous" (fine 2s.), "detraction" (5s.), "up-raiding" (5s.), "breach of the canons" (10s.), "telling tales" (20s.). The charges were to be investigated by a committee of five, two for plaintiff, two for defendant, one appointed by lot: the majority to decide. If a charge proved unfounded the plaintiff was to pay *poena talionis*. Compared with Father Weston's rules, one advantage is at once evident; they are better drafted. Weston's first rule bound all to submit to censure "in any matter of scandal, or otherwise any light unseemly behaviour, especially towards women." To put this subject into the foreground was a mistake; it provoked comment, and gave the legislation a wrong perspective. That some caution was needed seems clear; but the comprehensive phrase, an offence "against the canons," was a far more fitting formula. Leave room (by the suppression of roughness and quarrelling) for healthy public opinion to express itself freely, and all else would be soon put right.

The sudden and touching outburst of brotherly feeling, by which the "Stirs of Wisbech" were appeased and atoned for, had not been expected, nor could a similar strength of emotion be expected to continue. Even to the last Mush and Dudley had been afraid that the pacification might fail. Mush, for instance, had not dared to publish his award in the division of rooms, a specially thorny subject; but left it in writing to be opened after his departure. Fortunately it led to nothing worse than a few letters.

Another characteristic difficulty arose over the working

of the committees of five, mentioned above, which recalls the old witticism on the obstinate Briton: "Call that arbitration? Why, they've given it against us!" Bagshaw (but his letters are unfortunately lost) had written to ask Mush, what on earth was to be done when he was overruled by a majority? How could he in conscience submit to what he felt sure was wrong? Mush's answer is extant. He has asked various friends, but "no one can find any difficulty in that point." Of course the minority "may with safety of conscience, and ought also,—to let the sentence of the three pass without more ado."¹

Excellent as all this is we see that the pacification remained an anxious matter, and we must enumerate some of the rocks on which shipwreck was only just avoided. Early in the spring of 1596, a priest, Francis Tillotson, one of Bagshaw's company, escaped. For some reason, Bagshaw had a great objection to escapes, and when Tillotson was arrested almost immediately, the rumour went abroad that Bagshaw had informed against him. This does not seem to have originated with the opposite company, and it was current among Bagshaw's own friends. But for some cause or other Bagshaw would not contradict it. It is quite conceivable that he was awaiting attack, and meaning to get *poena talionis* from some unwary accuser. The accusation did not fail to come. John Green, a priest of the other side, poured out upon him a long and furious tirade, calls him *nefarium, sceleratum proditorem*, and his deed a *plusquam sacrilegum facinus*. Still, this overwrought charge will tend with most people to awaken rather sympathy than an adverse feeling for the man attacked. Bagshaw now denied the charge, and Mush, who had also feared from Bagshaw's silence, that he must be guilty, wrote him a long and interesting letter. He apologizes for his mistake, but says that Bagshaw should have spoken sooner, and cannot be excused for now quarrelling with him, and hereupon follows some straight speaking:

Sir,—I love you well, and honour you as becometh me. I have not known or been much conversant with you, yet the most that have been acquainted with you, think your inclination (unless it shall be moderated much with virtue) to be vehement, restless, imperious and factious, which they confirm by experience in all places where you have lived. This is the chiefest argument your enemies make at all times against you, this is also the only reason

¹ Westminster Archives, v. n.88.

of fear in us your friends. Besides I fear exceedingly, if we could justly vanquish those we reckon adversaries, we should denounce and tyrannize, one over another, more cruelly than either they or we do now; so little humility do I find amongst us, or charity either.¹

Mush's letters on this occasion are long, and travel over more than one recent *fracas*, especially a quarrel with the Rev. Philip [Stranguish] as to which "I will say no more, but you know you harme yourself more than him by your hard conceits and disgraceful language,"—and the unpleasant, noisy debate on the subject of houses of ill-fame in Rome.²

Troublesome as these contests had been, the rules of the pacification succeeded in preventing an open breach, and it was not until the end of 1596, or the beginning of 1597, that there appeared in Wisbech an agitator from abroad, by name, Robert Fisher, who unfortunately succeeded, not exactly in reviving the old debates, but in giving the controversy a new and much more serious colour. After this we have no longer the old personal quarrels, sometimes very loud, but never very profound. Henceforth the debate begins to turn on politics, on the government of the mission, on rivalries between the secular and regular clergy. The importation of these new quarrels, caused fresh excitement, more vehement than the old remedies could cope with. Weston's side brought out the old instrument of the accord, but Norden snatched it away and would not return it.³ The mutual repulsion increased, they would no longer eat at the same table. This time, however, the majority retained their places in the hall, the opposition (reduced to seven, the others having refused to secede) took their commons in smaller private rooms. At this point we may well leave the story of "the Stirs of Wisbech." The subsequent developments are known by different names, and the Bagshaw Correspondence here closes.

Looking back at the story of those "Stirs," as told in that correspondence, we find it all appears in a clearer and more intelligible light. Bagshaw's *True Relation*, the chief authority before, was written in a passionate and exasperating tone that almost defied sober historical analysis. Garnet, for instance, is described as a "Machiavel," a "devilish poli-

¹ *Westminster Archives*, v., n. 88. Green's charge is n. 73.

² The debate was whether they were licensed or wittingly left unnoticed.

³ This may account for the presence of two copies among the Bagshaw Correspondence, *Westminster Archives*, nn. 29, 30.

- tician," "the spit from Father Person's mouth." From taunts such as these it seemed hopeless to attempt any historical conclusions, and a writer like Father Morris might well wish that the story under such circumstances should be forgotten. Now we are able to go to the original letters, on the occasion of each of the above charges, and to show that Bagshaw and Garnet were then still on comparatively or even on distinctly friendly terms. The fire and fury of the *True Relation* were due to subsequent complications. The historian may pass them over. The "Stirs of Wisbech" will never form an attractive picture, but it is not one of which we need be altogether ashamed.

J. H. POLLEN.

A New Witness to the Loreto Tradition.

THOSE who have made acquaintance with the much-discussed work of Canon Chevalier, *Notre Dame de Lorette*, or even better those who have read at all carefully the series of articles based on Chevalier which Mr. Edmund Bishop published in 1906 in the columns of the *Tablet*, will hardly have forgotten that one of the gravest difficulties against the authenticity of the Santa Casa lies in the lateness of the evidence for the alleged miraculous translation. The defenders of the tradition agree in affirming that it was in the year 1291 that the Holy House was carried by the hands of angels from Nazareth to Illyria, while its further wanderings terminated upon its arrival at Loreto in 1294. None the less Canon Chevalier declares emphatically that before the year 1472 there is not a word to be found about this wonderful translation in any document which has a reasonable claim to be considered authentic.¹ Forgeries there have been, accepted for a while by uncritical historians, and these allude in various ways to the flight through the air, but they have not been able to stand the test of a more rigorous examination. Canon Chevalier, following in the track of Vogel and Leopardi, has himself demolished them ruthlessly. Hence it may be said that in spite of all the attempted refutations the Canon's statement down to the present has held its ground. The only serious evidence adduced against it consists in the rather unsatisfactory testimony of certain paintings and frescoes alleged to portray angels in the act of carrying or setting down a small gabled building. On these a word may be said later on, but it is sufficiently plain that Canon Chevalier was thinking primarily of literary evidence, and so far, his statement that Teramano's leaflet of 1472 is the first to mention the aerial flight of the Holy House, whether from Pales-

¹ The Canon professes to be in a position to prove "par un classement rigoureux des documents et par l'élimination légitime des pièces fausses concernant la Santa Casa qu'il n'y a pas été question à Lorette ni ailleurs de cette translation avant 1472." *Notre Dame de Lorette*, p. 8; Cf. pp. 229-232.

tine to Illyria or from Illyria to Italy, has not effectively been contested. Upon the supposition that the sacred character of the building and its miraculous translation were known to the populace of Recanati almost from the very beginning, this silence is more than remarkable.

This being at present the state of the controversy, it is interesting to be able to quote from an English source a plain reference to the aerial journey of the Santa Casa, earlier in date than the narrative of Teramano and open to no suspicion of a fraudulent origin. It would perhaps be rash to affirm that this passage, which has been accessible in print for more than fifty years, has never previously attracted attention, nevertheless the probability that, once noticed, the existence of such a piece of evidence would have been further heard of in the controversy, is considerable. Hence, observing the silence upon the subject of such recent opponents of Chevalier as Padre Rinieri,¹ and Alessandro Monti² I have been encouraged to think it worth while to call attention to the matter here. Whether the new evidence is to be regarded as supporting the Loretan tradition or rather as creating fresh difficulties of a more unanswerable kind must be left for the reader to determine.

Among the original Fellows of Eton College, founded by King Henry VI. in 1440 was a certain William Wey, a Devonshire man, born about 1407. He was a priest whose time had apparently been largely given to scholastic pursuits and before coming to reside in Eton he had held for some years a fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford. Early in 1456 he started on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella. Two years later, after previously obtaining a licence from King Henry VI.—the document is still preserved at Eton—he embarked on an even more ambitious pilgrimage to the Holy Land. So far as his notes allow us to trace the route he followed, he travelled first to Rome by Aix-la-Chapelle, Worms, Ulm, Meran, Trent, Verona, Bologna, Florence and Viterbo; then from Rome made his way north again to Venice via Perugia and Ravenna, and finally sailing to the Holy Land and thence back to Venice, he returned the shortest way he could to England. The whole time occupied by his journey was thirty-nine weeks but he only spent thirteen days in the

¹ Rinieri, *La Santa Casa di Loreto*, 3 vols. Torino, 1910, 1911.

² Monti, "A traverso la Questione lauretana" in *La Scuola Cattolica*, Jan. to Dec. 1910.

Holy Land. How long he remained in Rome we have no means of ascertaining. A second pilgrimage to Jerusalem was made by him four years later. On this occasion he seems not to have travelled to Rome but, for reasons not fully explained, he spent more than a month at Venice before he could find a galley to take him to Jaffa. From Jaffa after the usual brief interval he returned as before to Venice and from Venice straight home. This time he was absent from England thirty-seven weeks and three days. William Wey was then fifty-five, and at some time after his return, we do not know precisely when, he seems to have joined the religious community of Bonhommes (*Boni Homines*) following the rule of St. Austin at Edyngdon, Wiltshire.¹ Upon them he bestowed the articles of church furniture, curiosities and relics which he had accumulated in his travels, and he died in the monastery in 1476. Not least in importance among his bequests to the monastery was a book, somewhat vaguely described, in a contemporary invoice of these effects, as containing "materys of Jerusalem." However the book is itself very miscellaneous in its contents, and "matters of Jerusalem," if we understand by this term a collection of all kinds of information which could be useful for an intending pilgrim, is not a bad name for the notes which William Wey seems to have put together with a certain amount of order under sectional headings, but without any very intelligible relation between one section and another. Thus the first section deals in English with the rate of exchange of moneys, the second with the preparations that ought to be made by a pilgrim before his departure. The third supplies a sort of *memoria technica* in English verse for the places to be visited in the Holy Land and the order in which they occur. After this, we have sundry barbarous Latin hexameters again obviously composed to help the pilgrim to remember what he had seen. Then, under another heading, a phrase-book in Greek and English, the whole being written in English characters. Yet another division deals with the Indulgences to be gained in the city of Rome, and so on. Three of the longer sections, or chapters, viz. those numbered 8, 9 and 15, give an account of the writer's three pilgrimages, and it is of course highly probable that these Latin narratives were written by himself.

¹ Cf. Maxwell Lyte, *History of Eton College*, 4th Ed. p. 58. The Eton College Library still preserves two or three MSS. presented by Wey. See M. R. James' *Catalogue*, pp. 21, 25, 29.

But I do not feel so sure that some of the other sections are all his own composition. More particularly the section which occupies pp. 25—55 in the printed edition, seems to constitute a work which has a certain completeness of its own, and beginning as it does with the words "*Continentur in libello isto decem materie moventes devotos Christianos visitare Sanctam Terram redemptionis nostre*,"¹ I am inclined to think that Wey may have been copying here in part from some booklet which he had before him, though he has probably interpolated this pre-existing material, whatever it was, with *memoria technica* verses and numerous other additions of his own. The point is of interest because it is in this division of the work that we meet with the passage upon Loreto, a shrine which apparently William Wey had not himself visited. His tenth *materia* or Topic, in this list of motives for making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, bears this heading: "*Decima materia et ultima est de reliquiis sanctorum in diversis locis per viam a Terra sancta*."² The catalogue implies a very ready acceptance of marvels on the part of its compiler but yet he saves himself in many places with the qualifying phrase "*ut legi*." For example he says: "Also the body of Saint Anne, the mother of the most blessed Virgin was translated to Constantinople by St. Helen, the Queen, and there is there one of the waterpots of Cana of Galilee, and it is like marble, which, as I have read (*ut legi*), continually trickles water and fills itself once every year." But he tells us without any qualification that "at Rhodes there is a thorn of Christ's crown which blossoms for an hour on Good Friday while the Passion is being read." Also he assures us that "at Casop there is a lamp before our Lady's statue that after being filled with oil once in the year burns with the same oil the whole year through." Then coming in due course to Italy he speaks of the wonderful relics at Venice, refers to the shrines of St. Luke and St. Matthew and St. Antony the Friar Minor, at Padua, and tells us regarding Assisi that "the bodies of St. Francis and St. Clare rest there, and also the figure upon the crucifix which spoke to St. Francis bidding him to build a house for St. Clare and other religious at Assisi." Finally after a mention of Spoleto we are informed

¹ "There are contained in this (?) booklet ten topics moving devout Christians to visit the Holy Land of our redemption."

² "The tenth and last topic is concerning the relics of Saints in various places on the road home from the Holy Land."

Also twelve miles from Ancona and three miles from Recanati, is a hamlet which is called Loreta, where there is now a stone chapel of Blessed Mary which of old was built by St. Helen in the Holy Land. But because the most Blessed Mary was not honoured there, the chapel was lifted up by the angels, the most Blessed Mary sitting upon it, and was carried away from the Holy Land to Alretum, while the country-folk and shepherds looked on at the angels bearing it and setting it down in the place where it now is; where the most Blessed Virgin Mary is held in great honour.¹

What, it will be asked, is the date of this account? I think that we need not hesitate to regard the note just quoted as something which must have come to William Wey in the course of either his first or second pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The mere position in the manuscript of the section to which the notice belongs probably tells us nothing. In point of fact the last section in the volume is that which records his journey to Compostella, which was earlier in date than either of his other pilgrimages. On the other hand it seems unlikely that Wey could have acquired this piece of information anywhere except in Italy itself, on his passage through the country in 1458 or 1462. The details which he gives of his itinerary on both occasions seem to exclude the possibility of his having himself visited Loreto. When he travelled from Rome to Venice, the line he took through Spoleto, Foligno, Assisi, Perugia, and Citta di Castello would not anywhere have brought him within fifty miles of the Santa Casa.² Again, though on his second pilgrimage to the Holy Land he spent more than a month at Venice, he has left no record of any excursions during that period, and a journey to Loreto would have been a very considerable excursion. It may be added that in travelling up and down the Adriatic the galleys seem always to have hugged the Dalmatian coast, passing

¹ "Item duodecim milliaria ab Ancona et tria milliaria a Recanato est villa que vocatur Loreta ubi iam est capella sancte Marie ex lapidibus, que quondam erat in Terra Sancta edificata per Sanctam Helenam. Sed quia beatissima Maria non erat ibi honorata, ipsa capella erat elevata per angelos, beatissima Maria sedente super eam, et portata a Terra Sancta usque ad Alretum, agricolis et pastoribus videntibus angelos portantes eam et reponentes eam in loco quo iam est, ubi beatissima Virgo Maria habetur magno honore." Wey, p. 54. The manuscript volume referred to, which is apparently Wey's autograph, is now in the Bodleian (MS. Bod. 565).

² It may be noticed, however, that the list "Spoleto xii. miliaria, Follyng xii., Cautymane xv., Calia v., Fellyne xii., Assyse viii., Parwse x., Castele xii., Buyo viii." (p. 80) is not without difficulty. But this is not a point that can be discussed here.

consequently more than a hundred miles to the east of Ancona. On the whole it is probable that in the section entitled by the author, "*Decima materia et ultima est de reliquiis sanctorum*," Wey has simply thrown together a number of casual jottings which he had made in the course of his reading, though the groundwork may possibly have been supplied by some little handbook for pilgrims which he had purchased at Venice. We must, therefore, be content with dating this notice of Loreto 1458—1462, but the account will, of course, have depended upon a somewhat older original. In this matter Wey is not in the least likely to have invented anything of his own.

Turning, however, to the substance of the notice, we are at once struck by two circumstances. In the first place the shrine at Loreto is described as "a chapel built by St. Helen in the Holy Land," and secondly it is not directly connected by the writer with Nazareth or with the Incarnation of our Saviour. Now I venture to say that this fact, especially when taken in connection with the language of the Bulls of Pope Paul II. of 1464, 1470 and 1471, is in the highest degree significant. Paul II., when according new papal recognitions of the Loreto shrine and encouraging pilgrims with a grant of Indulgences, completely passes over the one fact of supreme interest which must make Loreto, supposing its claims to be authentic, unique for all time among the sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin.

Desiring [the Pope says] to show our veneration for the church of Blessed Mary of Loreto, miraculously founded in honour of the same most holy Virgin outside the walls of Recanati, in which, as the statements of persons worthy of credit attest and as all the faithful may ascertain for themselves, an image of the glorious Virgin, through the wondrous mercy of God, has been deposited, attended by a troop of angels, and to which (church) by reason of the countless stupendous miracles which the Most High through her intercession has worked for all who devoutly have recourse to her and humbly implore her patronage, &c.¹

It will be seen that here again in a papal document, in fact we might say in three papal documents, belonging to the third quarter of the fifteenth century, the unique claim of the Loreto shrine to the veneration of the faithful is as completely ignored as it is by Wey. It is true that the Pope

¹ Chevalier, *Notre Dame de Lorette*, p. 206.

calls it *miraculose fundatam*, and he speaks of the statue having been deposited there "attended by a troop of angels," but nothing is said to suggest the presence of the actual Holy House of Nazareth, in which the mystery of the Incarnation had been accomplished. Paul II. apparently claims to have felt an interest in and to have shown devotion for the shrine of Loreto from his earliest years,¹ but it is in any case quite certain that in no one of the three separate documents addressed by him to Loreto is any mention made of the Santa Casa as such, or of its connection with Nazareth. The omission of any reference to this supreme distinction does not seem easily intelligible except upon the theory of those assailants of the Loretan tradition, who maintain that in the third quarter of the fifteenth century the legend was as yet only beginning to take shape. It is especially remarkable that in his first Bull to Loreto (October 29, 1464), Paul II. grants an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for all the Sundays of the year and for the feasts of the Assumption, the Nativity of our Lady, and the Purification,² in other words, he omits to honour the very feast, *i.e.*, the Annunciation, which of all others might seem to call for recognition in a building which now displays the proud inscription: HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST.³ It is difficult to treat this as merely negative evidence. By the side of the Bulls of Pope Paul II., Wey's testimony, of course, is of comparatively slight value. But it is earlier in date, and though the English pilgrim had not visited the shrine himself, his brief account no doubt reflects faithfully the observation of some contemporary Italian writer. In any case the miracle of the translation is here for the first time clearly formulated, and for the first time reference is made to a connection between Loreto and the Holy Land, but, as we have already pointed out, there is, none the less, no suggestion that the "chapel" of our Lady was

¹ "Cuique (? ecclesiae) nos ob preclara ipsius Matris Dei merita ab ineunte etate ultra communem mortalium modum devotissimi et affectissimi fuimus." Paul II. visited Loreto in 1464.

² Rinieri, *La Santa Casa di Loreto*, iii, p. 195.

³ It is curious that the *Nativity* of our Lady seems at first (*viz.*, before the days of Teramano) to have been the great feast of the Loreto sanctuary. Later on the shrine was represented as being the house in which Mary was both born and saluted by the Angel. St. Bridget apparently knows nothing of Loreto, but she does rather significantly mention the place where our Lady was born as among the great shrines of Christendom, though she says nothing of the place in which the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished. See *Revelationes S. Birgittæ* Bk. V., Rev. 13, Ed. 1680, p. 440; Cf. *Heliga Birgittas Uppenbarelser*, Ed. Klemming, Vol. II., p. 331.

identical with the Holy House of Nazareth. Wey himself had not visited Nazareth. The thirteen or fourteen days allowed under Mohammedan supervision by the Padroni of the Venetian galleys which brought the pilgrims to Jaffa, did not permit of a lengthy tour in Galilee. Hence his interest in Nazareth may have been less keen. Still it is barely conceivable that if the devout Fellow of Eton College had known that the most sacred shrine in the world, after the Holy Sepulchre itself, could be venerated without danger or discomfort in a quite accessible corner of Italy, he would not have made an effort to reach it. Surely one who had faced so many hardships and dangers twice over to gratify his devotion in Jerusalem would have found much that appealed to him in a visit to the Holy House of Nazareth. The conclusion then seems to impose itself that for Wey, as his own words imply, the sanctuary of Loreto was nothing more than an ancient chapel of our Lady, which had been honoured by a wonderful miracle. Like the Bulls of Pope Paul II., the testimony of the English pilgrim throws an interesting sidelight upon a late stage in a development which was only to reach its culmination a few years later in the astounding narrative of Teramano.

One further observation in regard to the Loreto controversy, which is suggested by the new evidence of William Wey, concerns the value of the arguments deducible from the early frescoes, that of Gubbio for example, which represent houses being transported by angels. Defenders of the Loretan tradition are prone, naturally enough, to make capital out of these pictures, and to interpret them all as witnessing to an ancient belief that the Holy House of Nazareth was brought to Italy by the hands of angels from over the sea. Even at its best, this kind of proof from artistic monuments is not very satisfactory. The precise age of such frescoes or paintings is nearly always doubtful, and the significance of the subject delineated is often more doubtful still.¹ But now, after reading what Wey tells us of the famous sanctuary it is plain that, even though we granted that every such picture was of early date and was meant to represent the journey through the air of the shrine honoured at Loreto, no real support is thence afforded for the belief that the

¹ Personally I strongly incline to the opinion that the Gubbio fresco is to be connected with the mystery of the Nativity rather than with that of the Incarnation. It is, I think, a sort of apotheosis of the cave, or little house, of Bethlehem. This mystery was one to which St. Francis was specially devoted.

building now at Loreto is identical with the house of the Holy Family at Nazareth. The artists who designed such representations may quite conceivably have shared Wey's idea that the Santa Casa, though miraculously brought by angels through the air, was simply an ancient chapel built in honour of our Lady by St. Helen in the Holy Land. To establish a valid argument we should have to show that the artist himself was thinking not of a mere chapel, but of the actual house in which Gabriel spoke the words, *Ave gratia plena*.

Further it is, perhaps, worth while to note that William Wey's ready acceptance of the story of the miraculous translation may have been partly due to some vague knowledge he possessed of the legendary history of the most famous of English Marian shrines, that of Our Lady of Walsingham. Some few years ago (to be precise in September, 1901), this subject was discussed by the present writer in the pages of *THE MONTH*, in an article headed "Walsingham, the English Loreto." There can be no sufficient reason for repeating in detail now what was there dealt with at considerable length. Amongst other things, the long fifteenth century poem, which enshrines the whole legend, was reprinted in full. The story thus told is briefly this. A certain widow lady called Rychold (*i.e.*, Richeldis de Favriches), in the year 1061, had a vision or dream, in which our Lady appeared to her and showed her the place where she had been saluted by the angel:

In spyryte our Lady to Nazareth hir led,
And shewed hir the place where Gabryel hir grette,¹
"Lo doughter, consyder," to hir oure Lady sayde,
"Of thys place take thou suerly the mette ;²
Another lyke thys at Walsyngham thou sette,
Unto my laude and synguler honoure,
All that me seche there shall fynde socoure."

The Lady Rychold carefully measured the dimensions and summoned, we are told, "artyfycers full wise, this chapell to forge as our Lady dyd devise." Her purpose was to erect a "new Nazareth" in honour of the Annunciation, and two distinct sites were miraculously indicated, but without anything to determine which was to be preferred. The carpenters set about laying the foundations at one of these two spots, but very soon, when they came to the superstructure, progress was impeded because none of the woodwork, though

¹ Greeted her.

² Measure.

carefully measured and fitted beforehand, would go into its place. Thereupon Rychold bade them desist and leave their task unfinished until the next day, she herself meanwhile imploring our Lady's guidance.

All nyghte the wydowe permanyng in this prayer,
Oure Blyssed Lady with hevenly mynystris,
Hir sylfe beyng their chyef artyficer,
Areryd¹ this sayd house with aungellys handys,
And nat only reryd it, but set it where it is,
That is two hundred fote and more in dystaunce
From the fyrste place bokes make remembraunce.

In the morning, therefore, the work was found completed, not on the spot where the foundations had been laid, but two hundred feet away. Of course this is a translation on a very small scale as compared with that of Loreto, and seeing that the building had not been completed, it can hardly, perhaps, be called a translation at all, but the idea is one that might easily lead to other and more ornate developments. The poem then goes on to recount the innumerable miracles wrought at Walsingham during the "four hundred yeres and more," which, as the writer declared, "this notable pylgrymage hath endured."

Many sicke ben here cured by our Ladyes myghte,
Dede agayne revyved, of this is no dought,
Lame made hole, and blynde restored to syghte,
Maryners vexed with tempest safe to porte brought.²

The only known copy of the poem seems to have been printed by Richard Pynson about 1493. It can hardly have been written before 1470. Naturally one would like to know how much of the information it gives about Walsingham is in any way borne out by reliable evidence, but, as might be expected, in regard to many points the data available are very meagre.

According to the most recent account of Walsingham, that contributed by Dr. J. C. Cox to the *Victoria County History*,³ there is some justification for connecting the be-

¹ Reared up.

² Walsingham was not very far from the sea-shore, as Erasmus notes in his account of it; though one would not have judged from his description that the sea was seven miles off. Perhaps the configuration of the coast has altered somewhat since the beginning of the sixteenth century. To the Reformers like Bullinger, Our Lady of Walsingham seems to have been known, possibly through Erasmus's *Peregrinatio*, as *Diva Parathalassia*, the Goddess beside the Sea.

³ *Norfolk*, Vol. ii. pp. 394-401. Cf. Waterton, *Pietas Mariana Britannica*. Part II. pp. 153, seq.

ginnings of Walsingham with the reign of St. Edward the Confessor. It is, at any rate, certain that Roger, Earl of Clare, in the reign of Henry II., in view of the forthcoming foundation of a Priory of Canons Regular of St. Augustine confirmed to the new community the grant of "the chapel which Richeldis, the mother of Geoffrey de Favarches founded in Walsingham" (*capellam quam Richeldis mater Galf. de Favarches fundavit in Walsingham*). If the Lady Rychold (or Richeldis) was really the mother of Geoffrey de Favarches, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1169, she cannot have built the chapel of Walsingham in 1061. However, this is of no great importance. The essential point is that Walsingham very early became a place of pilgrimage. As Dr. Cox remarks: "It is clear that the chapel of Our Lady of Walsingham was of no small repute ere the Priory was established, for it was very unusual in the twelfth century to find a mere chapel in the possession of lands, tithes, and rents."¹ The most illustrious personages visited Walsingham as pilgrims. Henry III. went there in 1241, Edward I. in 1280 and in 1296, and Edward II. in 1315. As to the nature of the shrine, I know of no very early evidence for the fact, assumed in the poem, that the original chapel purported to be a copy of the Holy House at Nazareth. Still this was undoubtedly the case in the fifteenth century and what evidence there is supports the tradition. For example the Priory seal, which from its execution belongs to the latter part of the thirteenth century, shows the seated Madonna with Child on its reverse, but with the legend round it, *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum*, which no doubt has reference to the fact that the Annunciation was specially honoured there. So again the small "pilgrims' signs," *i.e.*, the tokens brought away by those who visited Walsingham, represented our Lady with the angel and the lily, or else a figure of the Madonna with *Ave Maria gratia plena*.² Let us notice also that in the *Paston Letters*, William Yelverton, before 1460, in the course of one short epistle, speaks three times over of "our Lady's house at Walsingham."

Unfortunately our more exact knowledge of the shrine only dates from William of Worcester and Erasmus, who

¹ *Vict. County Hist.*, Norfolk, ii., p. 394.

² Apparently no "pilgrims' signs" are forthcoming for Loreto before the sixteenth century. This alone strikes one as a suspicious circumstance. Those of the seventeenth century showed the Holy House with our Lady seated upon it. See Forgeais, *Plombs historiques*, IV. 63.

visited Walsingham in 1479 and 1511 respectively. The account which we glean from them, which is fully confirmed by excavations made in modern times,¹ shows that the shrine of our Lady was a small wooden chamber of twenty-three feet by twelve feet, enclosed in a larger stone chapel, then known as the *novum opus*. The dimensions of this *novum opus* were forty-eight feet by thirty; it lay to the north of the Priory Church, from which it was separated only by a wall twelve feet thick, pierced by a door in the middle. These details are fully confirmed in the mocking account given by Erasmus, from which we may borrow a paragraph or two. Let me premise, however, that a large margin has to be left for exaggeration in the report of one who was so obviously bent on making a good story for the amusement of his sceptical friends. Thus there is no need to suppose that the woodwork of the little house was really of glaringly recent date. Neither are we bound to believe, as we should infer from the text of Erasmus, that our Lady's house was shown to him as having come from the Holy Land. Anyway, Ogygius, the pilgrim, discourses thus:

Within the church which I have called unfinished [*i.e.* the *novum opus*] is a small chapel made of boards, and admitting the devotees on each side by a narrow little door. The light is small, indeed scarcely any but from the wax-lights. A most grateful fragrance meets the nostrils.

The same speaker, a little later on, continues:

While looking around carefully at everything, I asked how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither. He answered: "Some centuries." "But the walls," I remarked, "do not show any signs of age." He did not dispute the matter. "Nor even the wooden posts." He allowed that they had been recently put up, and indeed they spoke for themselves. "Then," I said, "the roof and thatch appear to be new." He agreed. "And not even these cross beams," I said, "nor the rafters, seem to have been erected many years." He assented. "But," I said, "as now no part of the old building remains, how do you prove that this was the cottage which was brought from a great distance?"

Me. Pray how did the sexton extricate himself from this difficulty?

Og. Why he immediately showed us an old bear's skin fixed to the rafters, and almost ridiculed our dulness in not having observed so manifest a proof.²

¹ See Lee Warner in *Archaeological Journal*, xiii., p. 115, seq.

² J. G. Nichols, *Pilgrimages to Saint Mary of Walsingham*, London, 1875, pp. 13 and 19; from Erasmus' *Colloquia* in his *Works* (1703), i., p. 774.

It is quite possible that in all this Erasmus is indirectly hitting at Loreto.¹ Even in out-of-the-way England the Italian shrine had by this time attracted some attention, and Abbot Richard Beere, of Glastonbury, when he returned from his diplomatic mission to Italy in 1506, erected a "chapelle of our Ladye de Loretta" on the north side of the nave of his own abbey church.

The existence of this English Holy House at Walsingham obviously has a bearing upon the Loreto tradition and calls for a word or two of comment. In the first place, we may notice that, as the late Mr. Edmund Waterton pointed out some years ago in his *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, the dimensions of the *Santa Casa* at Walsingham do not agree with the measurements of that at Loreto. The two holy houses, indeed, were of nearly the same width, thirteen feet four and a half inches, as against twelve feet ten inches, but the Loreto house was nearly eight feet longer, thirty-one feet three and three-quarter inches, as compared with twenty-three feet six inches. This makes the proportions of the two rooms quite different, and shows us that the disagreement cannot be merely due to a variation in the standards of measurement. The Loreto house is more than twice as long as it is broad, as may be easily seen in the ground plan given, for example, by Beissel.² The Walsingham chamber was a room of more ordinary shape, the ratio of length to breadth being approximately seven to four.

Again it is instructive to note that the idea of reproducing the sanctuaries of the Holy Land was a familiar idea in the Middle Ages. To what date the chapels constructed in the church of St. Stephen at Bologna, and attributed to St. Petronius, really belonged, is not easy to determine, but amongst them we hear of an imitation of the "chamber in which the Angel Gabriel saluted the Virgin Mother of God," the which, with other shrines, was built, so tradition averred, in accordance with the measurements made by St. Petronius in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.³

Lastly, we may note that the transference without human aid, of statues, and even buildings, from one place to another,

¹ See, however, Chevalier, *N. Dame de Lorette*, pp. 311—12, and Zeller in *Theologische Quartalschrift*, 1908, pp. 280—284.

² *Geschichte der Verehrung Marias in 16 und 17 Jahrhundert*, p. 438.

³ This is found in the sixteenth-century compilation of Galesinius, *AA.SS.* Oct. ii. 466. Cf. *Theologische Quartalschrift*, 1909, pp. 478, seq.

is common to all mythologies, oriental and western.¹ Father A. Kröss, S.J., in the *Innsbrucker Zeitschrift*, has recently called attention to an example attributed by the *Annales Camaldulenses*,² to the year 1100, in which a chapel near Siena, which had become a subject of bitter strife between two brothers, who each claimed possession of it, transferred itself miraculously to another locality. The Walsingham example is not perhaps so striking, but the intervention of the angels is directly a part of the story. From all this it seems to follow that there ought to be very clear proof that any particular early fresco representing a building carried by angels is really connected with Loreto, before we accept it as evidence for the prevalence of the Loreto tradition at an earlier date than is at present indicated by manuscript records.

H. THURSTON.

¹ See other examples of imitations of the sites of the Passion in the *Stations of the Cross*, by the present writer.

² Tom. iii. lib. 23, p. 90.

Those of his own Household.¹

MADAME CORENTINE.

CHAPTER XI.

IN accordance with her sister's advice, and also with some vestige of pride, Madame Corentine wished her departure to be concealed from Simone if possible; the grandfather had volunteered to take charge of her.

Now that Sullian was safe, and there was some prospect of Corentine's fate improving, the old man could no longer contain himself, so great was his longing for fresh air. If he had only had himself to consider he would have rowed out to the open sea; but he hesitated, thinking the boat was too dirty for Simone. The thwarts had not been dusted for a week, and not a drop of water had been emptied out of the hold.

"Put on your cloak, Simone," he called to her, "and we'll go out together if you like."

She was delighted. Ever since her arrival she had seen nothing but sad, anxious faces around her, and her youth began to clamour for some change of ideas. She was only a girl of fifteen, after all.

"Grandfather, are we going in the boat?" she asked, hoping that was what he meant.

"No, I intended taking you for a walk along the cliff, as far as —."

"Oh no, please let's go in the boat!"

"But——"

"Why not? It's a long time since you went out boating, grandfather; I'm sure you're longing to!"

"But the boat isn't ready!" said the old fellow, secretly delighted, "I haven't tidied her up lately."

"Oh, that doesn't matter! Let's go right out to sea, grandfather!"

¹ Translated from the French of René Bazin, by L. M. Leggatt.

He nodded, with a pleased smile.

"Youth, youth!" he said, "I suppose I can't refuse, if I want you to grow fond of me!"

Simone put on a white knitted cap, which only half concealed the coils of her hair. It was pretty to see them walking together towards the jetty. Happiness had made the Captain young again; he felt that he was looking alert and brisk as he passed groups of seaside visitors who, having nothing else to do, are always ready to watch anyone walking in a hurry. Those who knew him by sight compared this expedition with his usual walks accompanied by Marie-Anne, dragging herself along in misery of mind and body. Little Simone was light as a feather. She walked like a regular little cabin-boy out crab-potting, in a hurry to get to his work.

"I didn't know you were so fond of the sea," said Guen, who had already caught sight of his boat, lying motionless on the dazzling water at the pier-head.

"I adore the water. I've often been excursions from Jersey, and I know the names of everything to do with a boat: mainsail, fore-sail, jib, top-gallant, studding-sail —."

"But what about your seamanship?"

"Try me!"

"You don't even know how to take in a reef!"

"Look here!"

She smiled at him just like a child, her eyes full of light, and her mouth showing two rows of sound strong teeth, as white and sparkling as shells.

"Simone, my dear," said the Captain, "you've certainly found your way straight to my heart since the first of August."

The old man was happier than he had been for many a long day. His step rang on the pavement with a renewal of life and vigour.

There was no top-gallant or studding-sail in Guen's boat, only a worn-out jib and a discoloured sail on a bent mast.

"Is Mama sitting with my aunt?" asked Simone, taking her place in the stern, and looking up at the narrow grey house between its jutting neighbours on either side. Guen feigned not to hear, and busied himself with the anchor.

"Is Mama indoors?"

This time he flushed, no doubt from the effort of dragging up the great iron hook which was as useful in catching huge fish as for fastening the boat.

"No," he answered carelessly, "your mother is going to Lannion."

"To Lannion?" said Simone, turning round.

He did not look back, guessing at the energy of her unseen gesture.

"Yes, to do some shopping for Marie-Anne, I believe," he continued, trying to pass the matter off lightly. "Lots of things are wanted for a new-born baby."

A moment after he looked at her as he was hoisting sail: "Let out a bit, child!" he called out, and saw that her eyes were still fixed on the house in the harbour, and tears were not far off.

"It's difficult to hide things from children," thought Guen; "she guesses there's something up."

But he was determined to be cautious.

"As you know how to manage the boat, Simone," he said, making fast the sail, "take the tiller and make straight for Thomé. Pull with your right hand."

The boat doubled the sun-scorched jetty, which at this hour of the day smelt strongly of dried seaweed.

"That is our equivalent for the smell of new-mown hay, Mademoiselle Simone!"

She was once more the quiet, gentle young girl of whom he was growing fonder day by day as he discovered fresh charms in her. She looked straight before her at the vast plain of waters between their hilly banks, and seemed to have entirely given herself up to the pleasure of sailing. They were getting up speed; the wind came blowing over the hills of Louannec making all the canvas flap. Guen, now they were fairly started, sat down by Simone, and began to feel thoroughly happy.

"I daresay you've heard me abuse the sea these last few days," he said, "but I didn't mean it." He was already regretting the insults forced from him by his grief.

"One gets angry with the sea sometimes, my dear, as if she were a woman, you know. One loses one's temper and gets angry. And then one comes back and makes it up."

"Any real separation is unbearable, I suppose?" asked Simone, still looking out to sea.

"Yes, quite," answered Guen, confused. "I couldn't live a week away from the sea. After all, it's quite natural, everyone's the same."

"Oh! but you love the sea more than most people, grandfather!"

"Yes," he answered, pleased with her remark, and relieved at getting off delicate ground; "I don't deny it. I go to sea more than any man in Perros, any old man, I mean. . . . more to port, Simone . . . Let her go . . . Doesn't the sea look beautiful to-day?"

They were scudding through the channel between the Castle point and the rocks of Thomé, the clear, emerald-green current carrying them along as it rushed beneath the keel. On their left were rocky creeks and intervals of beach. At Trestrao, bathers in red, white, or black, shewed like specks on the sand; here and there a sunshade was caught and blown along by the wind, looking tinier than a chickweed flower.

"Keep out, Simone, abreast of Rouzic!"

As far as eye could see the sea lay like a sheet of glass. The breeze did not raise a ripple. Streaks of blue like the track of lost ships, lay along the white surface of the water shining and twinkling in the sunlight. In the distance Les Sept Isles seemed to lean towards Brittany, their grassy cliffs velvety and brown with vegetation. Hardly a strip of white remained round the stones which the sea was noiselessly beginning to cover.

"This is what I like," said Guen, watching his granddaughter's silent enjoyment, "to run with the wind, talk to myself, and let down my line. Ah! the bottom's rocky here; good for conger eel and rock-fish; presently we shall get on to shingle, and then it will be rock again a mile and a half outside Rouzic." He drew nearer still to Simone as they cut through the water, driven by the wind which was quite soft and laden with the smell of the sun-warmed earth. They watched the immense sweep of the horizon, where sky and sea met. Guen's heart grew tender over his grand-daughter.

"My child," he said, and she kept quite still, feeling that they were united in soul and mind, "my child, how I would like to keep you always with me!"

"I should love to stay, grandfather."

"Now I have got to know you, I shall never get accustomed to having you so far away."

"There's only one way to bring it about, grandfather," said Simone deliberately, "and you know what that is."

"Yes, I do."

He paused, for he had promised not to tell the girl anything; then he resolved to speak, moved by the infinite solemnity of everything around them; they seemed so far from petty conventionalities.

"Simone," he said, "your mother has gone to Lannion to try . . ."

"I guessed!" she broke in. "I came to France because that idea was in my mind. I could not know how matters would settle themselves, but I believe God will make everything come right in the end. It is all so sad!"

Old Guen felt Simone's hand stealing into his, and her head pressed against his shoulder. He sat motionless, overwhelmed with emotion and tenderness, while his grandchild wept for the future they both wished to see.

"We must both go on hoping, darling," he said, at last, "we must go on hoping."

The breeze fluttered lightly over the sunny water, the islands still looked tiny in the distance, and coveys of birds began rising in triangular flight, making for the open sea.

CHAPTER XII.

Madame Jeanne was sitting alone in the big drawing-room with the window open, calculating columns of figures. Usually she enjoyed adding up her household bills or making out the balance-sheet of the commercial year. She had been fond of arithmetic from a child, and had kept control over all her son's business accounts; but now she was feeling anxious. She was not sure anything was wrong, but she vaguely suspected things were not very satisfactory. The two preceding years had ended with a balance on the wrong side, but she had counted on the proceeds of the oil-mill for making up the deficit. Guillaume seemed quite content, although the figures pointed to a bad year. The two wrinkles on either side of Madame Jeanne's mouth looked deeper than usual. Every now and then she lifted up her head to rest, and vaguely watched the swaying trees outside.

"Another delusion of Guillaume's!" she thought to herself. "It's going to be a bad year, perhaps very bad. Poor boy, he doesn't realize what a pass we have come to. If only he knew! . . . but I was right to keep it from him; he has enough troubles already. Business, as far as he is concerned, is only a means to help him forget, and to occupy his thoughts. But a man ought to think of his business differently. We want my husband back again." Jobie L'Héréec's stern face rose before her mind's eye. She remembered the man whose likes and dislikes, habits, and judgments, were as much part of herself as his name. She

realized how perpetually present his memory was with her, how she venerated him, always following out his views when difficult circumstances arose, satisfied that she had done right whenever she could feel that his ideas had been acted upon. It would have taken all Monsieur Jobie's great experience, his methods and his calm deliberation to extricate them from a situation like this. But he would have acted with decision, perseverance and energy, whereas Guillaume . . .

The old woman's thoughts were spoken half aloud, in fragmentary phases, and her words echoed faintly round the large white room. Then she would return to her columns of figures. Her slanting pen followed with regular movements the numbers she was adding up in her head. But it was merely mechanical work, and Madame Jeanne's reverie went on through it all.

"I can't see any way out of it. . . . It's no use telling him. . . . He does his best, but he's not a man of business. . . . And then his troubles . . . Oh, it's all her fault, if we . . ."

The words would not pass her lips. Although Madame Jeanne was alone, a slight flush, a wave of blood from the anxious heart, stained her thin cheeks. She felt as if a long line of patient, thrifty bourgeois ancestors, who had all died rich, were reproaching her, and watching from their tombs in her native Tréguier, the bankruptcy of the house of L'Héréec.

Outside the sun was beating down on the flowers. The wistaria gave out a violent perfume just beneath the window. She looked out.

How could she have left Tréguier, the birthplace of her race! She who was bound by every tie of affection and tradition, and by fifty years spent in the forgotten little corner of Brittany! She still asked herself the question sometimes. And now it came to her mind again, with all the miserable, useless answers she had tried to give herself. Yes, that was when her troubles began. . . . The name of Tréguier struck a chord in her heart, as if it were the dirge of an ancient noble race to which she no longer belonged. What a descent from Tréguier to Lannion! She had realized this herself at the time, and had known beforehand that she would never get used to the silly, frivolous place, as she always called it. Passing Spanish visitors and several Governors of easy morals had filled it with a population thirsting only for pleasure, and frivolous to its very core. Between Tréguier and Lannion there existed one of those local feuds which Brittany fosters

beneath an appearance of frigid calm. When Madame Jeanne thought of Tréguier she remembered the episcopal splendours of the ancient and austere city, the cathedral large enough to contain the whole population, with its high vaults green with the glorious moss of ages, its long files of stone knights, each in his niche, the inscriptions, the cloisters, the tower, the wonderful pierced stonework, inspired by the quaint poetic genius of bygone workers. She saw her own seat beneath the long shafts of light from painted windows, her house with its fortress-like walls, surrounded by a winding road. She went over in her mind the names of all the nobility and townspeople who recognized her in the streets, and the visits paid her on the day of Jobie l'Héréec's sudden death. Even now there was hardly a moment in the day when she did not regret the energetic, clever man, with his dignified and imposing manner, who had placed her at the head of Tréguier bourgeois society, by his solid wealth and his impressive personality. Leaving Tréguier had meant giving up all that made life worth having; and she had fought against the idea, bringing every kind of objection to bear against it. Why should they have left the works which, if not first rate, were dependable, and the canal leading to the harbour, where the schooners took their stores of oil on board? Monsieur Tanguy Morel, l'Héréec's partner, was quite capable of managing the business, and Guillaume, his father being dead, could live in honourable leisure, with hardly any work to do, and an assured future. . . . Then came the madness of falling in love with "la Lannionaise." . . . And all had to be given up; town, factory, friends, peace of mind, the beautiful country that had become a daily necessity for the eye, the hope of dying in one's birthplace . . . all for the sake of living at Lannion, among a set of silly, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girls who care for nothing in the world but dancing.

All these reflections passed through her brain to the accompaniment of columns of figures, but were as painful and clear as when the catastrophe happened. Everything which had followed the wrench from her native land only came back to her memory in a confused whole, as the inevitable and logical consequence of all she had foreseen. The slow disintegration of the marriage tie, the quarrels, the extravagances of a feather-headed wife who was ambitious into the bargain, the unfortunate purchase of the oil-mill on the Guer, renewed friction following on forced economy, the

separation and the new life. And when she and her son found themselves once more alone together, they were depressed and preoccupied; their intercourse was tainted by constant money worries and sad memories of the past.

Ten years of internal conflict had turned Madame Jeanne l'Héréec's hair white. She had worked as hard as any man, and had been the real head of the house of "Veuve l'Héréec et fils." She grieved perpetually over leaving Tréguier, but before her son she contained herself. The question of the past remained a gulf between them, across which they sadly looked at each other; but when Madame Jeanne was alone at work, she gave vent to all the old grievances buried in the bottom of her heart. Her usual conclusion was that if she were a man she would return to Tréguier and build up another fortune.

But this time Madame Jeanne was prevented from bringing her reflections to their accustomed conclusion. The front door bell rang. It was so tangled in the wistaria creeper that only a muffled sound reached the house. Madame Jeanne heard someone enquiring for her son in a voice which she recognized after a lapse of ten years. Her withered cheeks suddenly turned white; she put down her pen and listened to the answer. The servant replied that her master was at the factory; there was a short interval of silence, then two shadows fell on the border of foliage on the window-sill, and Gote, opening the drawing-room door, showed in a woman in mourning. Madame Jeanne recognized Corentine before the younger woman had time to raise her veil.

She fell back in her yellow arm-chair, amazed at such audacity, her grey eyes, radiating light from the window, fixed on Corentine. The daughter-in-law remained standing with her back to the light, unable to speak. The emotion of crossing her own threshold once again and realizing how slight were her hopes and chances of a kind welcome, was almost more than she could bear. After ten years she was confronted once more by the same stern-looking woman sitting exactly where she left her; even the room had not been altered.

"Why have you come?"

"To see my husband," answered Corentine, very gently, taking courage.

"You have lost the right to see him."

"Oh, Madame, after such a long time . . . and when I am so unhappy . . ."

"Unhappy?"

"Yes . . . very unhappy."

"We too have suffered, Madame. We have borne our share . . . and ours was the hardest. . . . Guillaume is not here."

"I know it. Gote told me."

"It is useless to attempt to see him. . . . My son has made up his mind to a solitary life with me. . . . What do you want of him?"

Corentine was about to say that she had come to beg his pardon, but she refrained from answering. Mme. Jeanne kept her spell-bound under the scornful, obstinate gaze which her daughter-in-law remembered so well.

"No one asked you to come," resumed the old woman.

"No, I came of my own accord, Madame, I assure you; out of a feeling of kindness, because I am staying at Perros for a short time . . . with my father . . . and I would not go back without trying . . . Oh, Madame, don't repulse me!"

She came up to the table where Madame Jeanne had been writing.

"I am unhappy . . . I am a different woman now . . . I feel that if you would help me and be kind to me . . . perhaps Guillaume would forgive me!"

She stretched out her trembling hand to the rough ash-wood table, and in another moment would have fallen on her knees.

"You forget I am not easily deceived," said Madame Jeanne, recoiling, "you have shown too little interest in your husband for the last ten years for me to believe in this sudden burst of affection. I suspect you have other motives . . ."

As she spoke she looked contemptuously at her daughter-in-law's plain, almost shabby clothes, which Corentine had put on purposely to avoid looking like her old self.

"You have come for money," pursued Madame Jeanne.

Madame Corentine clenched her tiny fingers as if to strike her insulter. . . . Then, crimson with shame, but sufficiently mistress of herself to keep silent, she turned and rapidly left the room, while the implacable Madame Jeanne, her eyes flaming at the intruder, followed her out of the garden-door on to the pathway.

"You separated women," she continued, "are always sure to come back some day or another, if only to beg when you are starved out. Leave the place at once. You've chosen the wrong moment. . . . We've no bread for such as you!"

Madame Corentine did not hear the last words. She had already crossed the garden, and was nervously pressing the trefoil-shaped handle of the gate. Her heart used to beat at the click of the lock when Guillaume came home. She rushed out choking with indignation. Yet something greater than her own feeling of shame, and more powerful than the fury of temper which had driven her away once already, made her accept the injustice dealt her. Perhaps some silent emanation from the surroundings of her former life pleaded with her; at any rate she felt it impossible to leave Lannion without at least seeing the man whom she had come to meet.

She pulled down her veil, and hurried through the Rue du Pavé Neuf, past the elm-bordered avenue on the left, by the Café du Pont de Viarmes and along the gravelled jetty. Then she took another turning leading to an old house surrounded by apple-trees, where she had played as a child whenever her father had business interviews with a ship-owner. She found herself in the Allée de la Corderie which leads long past Lannion, by the banks of the Guer. This was the spot where, as a girl-wife, she used to walk on the evenings after her wedding, smiling at the elm-trees as they whispered to her of love . . .

Her sadness was past tears. She no longer hoped to renew the ties of the past (perhaps she had never really formed any binding ones), but at any rate she could try to see him once more, ask for forgiveness, and say, "I love you." And after this let come what would, she would go away happier, more self-reliant, and above all, feeling that she had obeyed the impulse which had driven her to humiliate herself before the man who, unknown to himself, was so close to her. Even his mother's insults seemed to call for his protection. She felt vaguely that with Guillaume present the interview would have ended differently.

She walked on, slowly now, looking across the half-empty canal at a clump of trees from the midst of which rose a chimney and a long slate roof. It was the factory, and he was there. She could not go to him before all the workmen and *employés* who had known, alas, all the past scandals. She would wait till L'Héréc's time for rowing across the Guer . . . ten strokes of the oar would bring him to her. . . . The boat was half out of the water, tied up and sticking in the clay of the opposite bank. On the bows she could read the half-effaced letters of the name, *C-o-r-e-n-t-* . . . all else had been washed off. The river was rapidly emptying itself

into the distant sea, and the water plants below the stream swayed backwards and forwards like a woman's golden hair.

Madame Corentine compared the humiliations of the present with the joys of the past. She remembered walking along this same path, a young wife hanging on her husband's arm, or with some woman friend, Simone running before them in the sunshine.

She was so tired that she sat down and leaned against a tree-trunk, just below where the boat was fastened. Several times she had the illusion of hearing her husband's voice giving orders, and it made her tremble. She looked like some poor ruined girl waiting for her lover. If any one had passed she would have run away, but no one was walking along the path, which led nowhere. Fatigue overpowered her, and she slept.

When she awoke she feared it was too late. But the tide was rising, covering the river mud and floating the boat which swayed on its rope. Men were still at work in the factory, and the chimney sent up smoke to the sound of regular machinery.

Mme. l'Héréec stood up, half hidden by the tree. Someone had come out of the door of the works over the way. In spite of distance and falling twilight, she was not mistaken this time. She recognized the friendly gesture with which he took leave of one of his *employés*. Half-fainting, she saw him at last, quite distinctly, in the open space between the factory and the river. He walked down the path through the grass, his head held down, absorbed by the cares of business, no doubt. She wanted to call him, but she dreaded what the first word or look might be. He was slowly coming towards her; in a moment he would have untied the rope . . . then he would cross and land . . . She closed her eyes, afraid to look again. . . . Then, hearing nothing more, she opened them and saw that he had turned sharp round along the bank and was going up the towing-path again towards the pier of Lannion. She started running, and stopped. . . . It was quite different to risk meeting him in the town or on the open road. The opportunity was lost. Any interview likely to end in forgiveness must be without witnesses. Now she must avoid meeting him. . . .

She stood motionless, watching the diminishing figure until it was swallowed up among the distant houses.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Anglican Sacraments under State Control.

THREE years ago the Court of Appeal, confirming the previous decisions of the Court of Arches and the Court of King's Bench, in the *Banister v. Thompson* case, admonished Canon Thompson, the Vicar of Eaton, in Norfolk, to desist from refusing the sacrament to Mr. Banister, who had contracted a marriage with his deceased wife's sister. THE MONTH commented at the time on the effects of this judgment, so unnecessarily harsh on the conscience of Canon Thompson, and on the other hand so pronounced in its affirmation of the Erastianism of the Established Church of this country. Now the judgment of the House of Lords, to which tribunal, in view of its importance to the Anglican clergy, the case has been carried, has been pronounced. It is a weighty judgment, so far as its legal authority is involved, for it embodies the unanimous opinion of five such judges as Lords Loreburn, Halsbury, Ashbourne, Macnaghten and Atkinson, and being final it terminates the long litigation, and is confirmatory of the judgments of the three inferior courts. We must suppose, therefore, that poor Canon Thompson has the law against him, though we must confess that the argumentation of all these judges does not appear convincing. These marriages, except for a short period at the beginning of the last century, were illegal in England until August 28, 1907, when the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Act came into force. Mr. and Mrs. Banister were married at Montreal, where these marriages had for long previously been legally valid, on August 12th of that same year, 1907. On their arrival in England immediately after, they settled down in Eaton parish, and after some correspondence with the Vicar, they presented themselves for communion at his church, and were refused on the ground that

they were living in a marriage which according to the law of the Church, as Canon Thompson understood it, was invalid.

One cannot but feel that these applicants would have shown better taste by presenting themselves at some neighbouring church where no difficulty would have been felt in administering them, instead of putting the Vicar of Eaton in the dilemma of either incurring the severest losses or playing false to his conscience over a matter concerning which it is well known that many of the most earnest Anglicans feel deeply. Still they resolved to claim their rights and made application to the Court of Arches, which decided in their favour. The subsequent litigation was initiated by Canon Thompson in the form of an appeal to the civil courts to prohibit the Court of Arches from enforcing its decision. In the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Act there is a clause for the protection of any clergymen whose consciences might be wounded by having to take part in such marriages, for it was felt that they had some grounds for taking such conscientious objections, inasmuch as the "Table of Kindred and Affinity wherein whosoever are related are forbidden in *Scripture* and our Laws to marry together," is by long established custom and order, if not also by statute law (?), set up in every Anglican Church, with the article included that "a man may not marry . . . his Wife's Sister." Hence it is provided that, if incumbents, they must allow the marriages to take place in their churches, but cannot be compelled to perform them themselves. It was on this provisory clause that Canon Thompson relied. The argument on his behalf was based on the purpose of the clause, which was to give relief to the conscience of such incumbents as deemed marriages of this kind to be against the law of Christ. Parliament, it was argued, must have meant the relief there provided to be effectual; yet how could it be considered other than nugatory, if, notwithstanding his exemption from the obligation to marry the parties on the Saturday in his church, he personally could be compelled, when they had been married there by another, to give them the sacrament if they presented themselves in the same church the very next day? To the non-legal mind it seems a good argument, and Mr. Justice Bray, in the Court of King's Bench, likewise took it to be so, but he was alone among his learned brethren, who, eleven in number, fell back by preference on the bare letter of the law, which gave relief only as regards the performance of the marriage, not as

regards the subsequent acts which take their moral quality from that of the marriage ceremony itself. It is the kind of contingency which makes recourse to the courts so uncertain and expensive in these days of careless legislation and judge-made law.

However, there it is, and the cause being now finally judged it remains for those affected by the judgment to consider the position in which it places them. It happens that in this particular case the marriages affected are those between a man and his deceased wife's sister which are recognized by the civil law of so many countries and, even in the Catholic Church, though in themselves forbidden under pain of nullity, are not regarded as forbidden by divine law, and are deemed suitable for an exercise of the dispensatory power which is not rarely claimed and granted. But the principles on which the recent judgment of the House of Lords have turned have a much wider and more serious extension. Cases of re-marriage after divorce are becoming more and more frequent, and the sense of moral repulsion from them is under stress of this frequency dying out in the general population. Suppose some of these re-married *divorcés* or *divorçées* present themselves for communion, what is the position of an Anglican incumbent in regard to them? There is a disposition to make a distinction between the rights of the innocent and the guilty party in view of such re-marriages, and it is possible that the civil law might tolerate refusal of the sacrament, when the guilty party after re-marriage presented himself or herself. Even this, indeed, seems doubtful, as the law regards re-marriage after divorce to be in all cases valid; and, according to Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench stage of this *Banister v. Thompson* litigation, "we must not lightly suppose Parliament to have intended" to allow a Church of England clergyman to solemnize in his church consecrated to the worship of God a marriage contrary to the law of God." But, at all events, the courts would tolerate no refusal in the case of an innocent party to divorce coming up for communion after re-marriage. We must also take into account the likelihood, as things are going on, that the recognized causes for divorce will, before long, be extended so as to include other offences besides conjugal infidelity, as, for instance, abandonment, imprisonment, disease, or excessive quarrelling.

Thus the prospect before those unfortunate Anglican clergy-

men, who put their consciences before all things else, is that they may now be called upon to administer what they regard as the most solemn of their rites to persons whom the Christian law most certainly regards as living in adultery, but the State has thought fit to whitewash. Viewed from the standpoint of their temporal liabilities, if they should see fit to obey God rather than man, this situation is very hard for them, and gives them a claim on our compassion. But by far the most important result of this episode of Anglican life is in the clear light it has shed on the rank Erastianism of the principles underlying the constitution of the Anglican Church. There are many questions affecting Anglican Churchmen which, in the estimation of the Catholic Church, are of the spiritual order, but might from their more external character appear to others to be of the temporal order, such as for instance the power of appointment to benefices. But could anything be more distinctly spiritual than the regulation of the conditions under which Holy Communion is to be given or refused? or can anything be a more monstrous invasion of the spiritual order than for a point of this kind to be referred for its determination not to any prelate or council, but to a lay court, staffed by lay judges, who need not even be members of the Church of whose sacrament it claims to regulate the administration, indeed, need not be Christian in any sense? True, the State has often attempted thus to invade the sanctuary of the Catholic Church, when it has had the power of the sword to support it. But in the Catholic Church it meets with resistance all round, never with compliance, save, perhaps, on the part of isolated individuals, who are at once suspended by the spiritual authorities set over them. Will this be what happens to the Anglican Church in its present crisis? Or will it prove true once more that, as a distinguished Anglican lately said, "The National Church of England was not constituted to resist the national will"?

S. F. S.

The Mystery of Matter.

When the telescope revealed to man secret depths of space, of which he had been ignorant, it might well have seemed that thenceforth the recesses of the heavens would cease to be mysterious, and the astronomer would be enabled

to number the stars, as the shepherd does his flock. Presently, however, it was found that on the contrary the knowledge thus conferred was but insignificant in comparison with the immensity of ignorance of which we became conscious, as for every cluster or nebula thus resolved into new constellations others were disclosed of which the most powerful glasses told no more than the naked eye had done of those that had previously appeared but as patches of mist.

In just the opposite direction a vast increase of knowledge has served chiefly to demonstrate the immensity of our ignorance. We have long taken for granted that in one respect at least we know all about matter—that it was something utterly inert and passive, exhibiting not the slightest sign or trace betokening the influence of active intelligence, endowed with no qualities or powers, save and except the supreme mystery of gravitation, and the study of which could teach nothing more than that of a printer's "pie," or an inscription in an unknown language. We have accordingly grown accustomed never to speak of it but in terms of disparagement, as "mere" or "brute" matter to be curtly dismissed as undeserving of serious mention. So far has this assumption gone that it was not easy to penetrate what Newman meant when, treating of Transubstantiation, he asked, "What do I know of matter or substance? Just as much as the greatest philosopher—and that is nothing at all."

Now, however, that philosophers have penetrated far deeper beneath the surface of things, we find on the highest authority that our former notions were all wrong. According to Sir Joseph J. Thompson, matter is one of the most marvellous and entrancing things in existence, and in its minutest speck are compacted systems whose numbers are infinite as the stars of the firmament; and the further we push our scrutiny the more incomprehensibly marvellous does its constitution appear.

This being so, there is evidently an end of the old notion that no more can be learnt from a study of matter than from purposeless and unintelligible scrawls. On the contrary, it is evidently fraught with grounds of inference not less cogent and far-reaching than those suggested by organic life itself, which has so often been cited in the same connection. That this marvellous material out of which the universe has grown bears the stamp of intelligence, who will question? That it came into being without the influence of such a principle no

one is likely to deny who is not prepared to say the same of Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, nor shall we explain the power thus exhibited by attributing intelligence, with Haeckel, in the one case as in the other to the individual atoms which make up the whole. It is certainly not thus that we can translate such transcendent power into terms of human knowledge.

Here again we find that the fairy tales of science throw into the shade the extremest achievements of our imagination. The old heathen mythology made the walls of Thebes arise to the music of the lyre of Amphion. Here we find the vast and complex structure of the universe taking shape in obedience to an impulse far more subtle and masterful which rules creation from end to end and works its designs in every nook and cranny of Heaven and earth, which the more we study the more wondrous and harmonious do we find them.

J.G.

"Ne sutor supra Crepidam."

Sir Oliver Lodge has apparently determined to prove the entire compatibility of natural science and theology by exhibiting their union in his own person, using his great and well-deserved reputation as a man of science to give support to the teachings of Christianity. He has written a number of books inspired by that excellent object, some of which we have had occasion to criticize adversely. For, sooth to say, an excellent intention does not necessarily produce an excellent result, and, speaking from a Catholic standpoint, we must emphatically deny that Sir Oliver Lodge, highly qualified though he be to speak for science, is by any means qualified to speak for theology. On the first appearance of his work, *Man and the Universe*, some four years ago, we expressed this view in some detail¹ and gave reasons for our contentions; and we should not think it necessary to recall the fact except that we have noticed in a Catholic contemporary an allusion to the treatise, now in a cheap popular edition, as "a very valuable book," and fear that this judgment may lead Catholics to suppose that there is nothing objectionable in it; whereas it is full of doctrines contrary to the Faith. It is no doubt

¹ THE MONTH, December, 1908.

something nowadays to find a man of science who is not a materialist—although scientific materialism is a rapidly decaying theory; but to believe in the spiritual spirit is not necessarily to believe in the supernatural. It is therein that Sir Oliver fails, as this and other books of his proves. There is little trace of supernatural religion in this book and, in any case, its author lacks all training in theology and in the meaning and use of theological terms; all sorts of incipient and full-grown heresies abound in it, especially a subtle sort of pantheism which shows that the author has no adequate conception of the essential simplicity of the Divine Nature and the Transcendence of God. It may possibly be useful for minds groping their way from gross materialism, to meet with the truths, fragmentary though they are, mixed with the errors of this book, but that it could do anything but shock or amuse Catholics who know their Catechism we cannot readily believe.

J.K.

Our Duty to the Heathen.

It is now two years since it was determined by the Bishops of England to arouse more interest among English Catholics in the work of missions to the heathen, and of collecting more abundant alms to be placed at the disposal of the venerable Association for the Propagation of the Faith. It was for this object that Father Francis E. Ross was appointed Director for the British Branch of the Association, and the statistics he has just published in *Our Duty to the Heathen* (British Central Office: 144, St. Stephen's House, London, S.W.), show that this new movement has already borne fruit. In 1910 the total for the English and Scotch Dioceses, together with those in British Colonies (Australia and Canada excepted) was £1,485 12s. 11d., but in 1911 the sum rose to £2,158 3s. 3d. This, indeed, may seem but a small improvement when the importance of the cause is measured against the number of those within the area who could contribute much more if they would. Still, it is a beginning, and we recommend zealous Catholics to study this little book, and then see what they can do to second Father Ross's endeavours. They will be struck by the curious inequalities between the contributions of place and place, and may be moved to do something towards the levelling up of the

places which stand low on the list. If for some dioceses the total is much higher than others, and yet this difference by no means corresponds with the relative size and importance of such dioceses, zealous souls in the dioceses that show least well will, we may trust, be stirred up to rectify the balance by their own alms possibly, but much more by their apostolate among others. They may learn how to form and multiply the Circles, or get more readers for the *Annals* which, as the Bishop of Galloway has said, "are not a cold and emotionless compilation of ancient history; they are quivering with the warm vitality of the actual life of those who have abandoned loved and loving parents, home and country, to labour for our Lord among pagan people. . . they are not merely the echo of living voices, but many of them are the last messages of martyrs."

It is not only within our own little circle of contributions that these significant inequalities are conspicuous. Thus France (what should we do without France?) in spite of her home difficulties contributes £121,651 towards the £279,467 contributed during 1911. Next come the United States, which contribute £53,562. The American contributions, indeed, are full of promise. New York City scores the highest total for the whole world, namely £20,145. God has blessed the American Catholics with an abundance of this world's goods; may we look to them to bear a corresponding share of the financial burden needful if the mission fields ripe for the harvest are to be gathered in? Austria, on the other hand, shows very poorly. Prague and Salzburg, Trent and Cracow contributed an appreciable amount, but Vienna contributes only £108. To return to England, Father Ross speaks of "the almost startling discrepancy between the total contributions from the Missions and the total receipts from the Dioceses," meaning that "the burden of England's duty to the heathen is borne chiefly by the convents and generous individuals." This certainly shows that the Catholic body generally needs much stirring up, but does it not also show that the seed of better things to come is being already sown? These contributions from colleges and convents, are they not to be regarded as mainly contributions from our young people who are pupils there? In other words, from those who will form the *élite*, from this point of view, of the generation to come who are being formed to the right spirit? One criticism in reference to this feature in the statistics. Would it not be

helpful, in future Reports, to give the totals of the contributions from individuals, convents and missions respectively, so as to make it easier to compare them ?

S. F. S.

Pascal and the Jesuits.

Apropos of Sir Edward Fry's accusations against the Society of Jesus at the end of last year,—accusations which he neither substantiated nor yet withdrew—it was stated in these pages that his appeal to the *Lettres Provinciales* of Pascal for corroboration of his charge was useless, as nowhere in that tissue of misrepresentations was to be found the assertion that *finis justificat media* formed part of the Society's doctrine. It has been since pointed out that, although it is strictly true that Pascal did not attempt to fasten this charge on the Jesuits directly, he must be held to have done so equivalently by his distortion of the "doctrine of intention." Not the least lively of his *Lettres* is the seventh, in which by his usual methods of mangling and half-quotation Pascal, or rather Arnauld who "briefed" him for the dishonest task, endeavours to show that the Society's moralists will allow all manner of wickedness if performed with a right intention. "Make your aim the good that will ensue from your actions"—this is his version of the Jesuit teaching—"and then act as you please;" which to all intents and purposes is the same as the old libel—"The end justifies the means."

It has always been one of the mysteries of the human conscience how a man, showing as Pascal did so many of the signs of holiness, should have been so rebellious to the authority of the Holy See and should have lent himself so unscrupulously to this particular work of slander. The best explanation is that which tends to save Pascal's reputation at the expense of Arnauld's and Nicole's, who in any case have a good deal less to lose. His trust in the Jansenist leaders was so absolute and he himself so ignorant of the authorities he quotes that he had neither the wish nor the means of disputing their rendering of the theology of Escobar and the rest. This has been made abundantly clear to the candid reader in Dr. Karl Weiss's *P. Antonio de Escobar y Mendoza als Moralthologe in Pascals Beleuchtung und im Lichte der Wahrheit*, published by Herder last year and reviewed in our issue for October.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

When is a
Strike-breaker
a
"Blackleg"?

HOWEVER it be with politics, ethics cannot be profitably discussed from a party standpoint. Moral judgments above all others demand a full and impartial consideration both of acts and circumstances. But politics and ethics are inextricably mingled to-day, because politicians have no sure and uniform standard of ethics, and consequently often ignore, especially in their social measures, the claims of morality. And no remedy is to be found for this confusion in the press, for that is hopelessly partizan and full of special pleading; there is no disposition in the party-writer to see or acknowledge the many qualifications by which alone the integrity of truth is secured. What chance have delicate questions of morality in such a *milieu*? To take one example in regard to the present dock strike. One side will say that a free man may freely dispose of his labour, there is never any justification for forcible picketing, the right to work is absolute. The other side holds that what is absolute is the right to strike, and to do so effectively. Now, if writers could get out of the party ruts, they would recognize that in a community the scope of social justice embraces all individual acts which affect the community, and that all human rights in action are variously conditioned by the existence of other human rights. The right to stop work is conditioned by the existence of contracts, by the claims of dependants, &c.: the right to take work implies the freedom of the employer to offer it. It is this last point that is most frequently missed, even by Catholic writers. If a strike is justified, *i.e.*, if the strikers are withholding their labour because employers are withholding something which is due to that labour, then anyone who, *except under pressure of his own greater need*, acts so as to break that strike, is abetting injustice, and those thus injured have a right, unless protected by law, of protecting themselves. Without passing any judgment on the present crisis, we may safely say that in circumstances such as these, the "blackleg" deserves his opprobrious name.

Trade Unions
or
Guilds?

The industrial history of the first half of the nineteenth century has shown that in a society where Capitalism is not restrained by law or force or moral considerations it fastens upon the working-classes a yoke worse than slavery. There is no vice so pitiless as avarice, there is no passion more powerful than the desire to grow very rich very quickly. If Labour to-day were not organized into Trade Unions it would speedily lapse into the old inhuman conditions. The Union system needs extending to unskilled labour, which is still exploited, and to the work of women. If the

un-Christian capitalist will not accept the teaching of the Gospel the only thing is to restrain him by the only method he does appreciate—an economic force more or less equal to his own. But the Trade Union system has stopped short of perfection. The Unions seem to wish to combine the privileges both of voluntary and of chartered associations. They want to escape legal responsibility and yet to dictate to “free labour.” These positions are manifestly antagonistic. As long as workers are free not to join the Unions they may reasonably hold themselves free to work irrespective of them, and as long as masters can command from such sources a supply of free labour, they can offer less than a fair wage and make the main object of the Unions futile. Apart from the paper remedy of Socialism there is only one way to secure industrial peace. The bearings of the old machine have got filled with the sand of pagan selfishness; replace that by the oil of Christian charity, make the Unions Guilds, and everything will go smoothly again.

The
“White Slave”
Traffic.

A man or woman condemned to incessant toil in dull and unhealthy surroundings, and that for a bare subsistence, is such a distressing sight in a Christian country that we have hitherto been able to bear it only—so to speak—by shutting our eyes to it. But there is another form of slavery more restricted in extent, yet much worse in its nature than anything produced by faulty economic conditions, an abuse which could only have arisen amongst us because of the closed eyes of those who should have prevented it—the hideous bondage forced upon the victims of the “White Slave” traffic. The crime of “sweating” consists in ignoring the human dignity of the workers and treating them as soulless beasts: the crime of “procuration” consists in treating women worse than brutes are treated, in utter and shameful disregard of their welfare here and hereafter. One would think that the very idea of such a loathsome traffic would so arouse the conscience of the whole Christian community that every avenue for it would be rigorously closed, and those who attempted it would be regarded and punished as the worst of criminals. But unhappily, owing to the low man-of-the-world views that have prevailed in the councils of the nation, legislation on the subject is still woefully defective. Not until she is twenty-one can a woman contract to dispose of the smallest piece of property, yet a child of sixteen can “legally” barter away her most precious possession. Earnest men and women have laboured for years to amend and strengthen the law, yet no Government has the Christian courage to pass a Bill for that purpose. At last there seems some prospect of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill being passed, for though a private Bill it has been accepted by the Government. We all know that Acts of Parliament alone cannot make men moral, nevertheless they

may be a powerful aid to morality. Legislation has stamped out the "White Slave" traffic in Australia; surely no less must be done in England. It would not flourish here unless it paid: it is the business of the State, expressing the public conscience, to see that it does not pay.

**What can
be done
by Public Opinion.**

There are those who, considering the agelong, universal and deep-rooted character of the vice thus ministered to, despair of any effective remedy, and thus the apathy of the good and the malice of the bad alike conspire to perpetuate the evil. But happily there are many reasons to think that the good are no longer apathetic, or at least so apathetic as they were. All over the world in recent years have sprung up organizations for protecting the young and friendless, which have been linked up internationally: our own Cardinal is a member of the International Bureau. Almost every civilized country has something similar to our National Vigilance Association, societies which are making every effort to stamp out this abominable trade. The social evil itself can only be suppressed by the wholesale conversion of the weak and wicked to a Christian life, but there are surely enough God-fearing men and women amongst us to insist that the snaring and sale of the young for this loathsome object shall cease. To that extent, at least, the practice is artificially stimulated: the trade is deliberately fostered and fed by wide-spread commercial agencies which reap enormous profits from their business. More and more light is being shed on their practices, and thus public opinion, which is needed to make legislation effective, is becoming an operative force. This is the aim of these voluntary associations—the enlightenment and purification of the general conscience. In this matter great progress is possible, as our social history records. A century or so ago open vice was tolerated by public opinion in a way unthinkable now. Colley Cibber, the dramatist, was supposed to have purified the English stage in the early eighteenth century, but his plays are far too gross to be acted to-day. This "White Slavery" traffic is of comparatively recent growth, made possible both by the extreme modern facilities of communication and by the cunning secrecy with which it is worked: there is no reason why it should not be wholly abolished by a perfectly relentless pursuit and punishment of the human fiends who engage in it.

**The Educators
of
Public Opinion.**

It is said that the remedy lies in the hands of men, for they can vote and make their views heard in Parliament, but in our opinion the education of public opinion in this matter rests mainly with the women. It is generally true that apart from cases of fraud and violence women will get from men the treatment their

own conduct deserves. If they hold themselves lightly they will be so regarded by the other sex. It is sad to think that many modern women, without being actually vicious or unprincipled themselves, have carelessly cast aside the traits of modesty which were part of their traditional charm. Patmore's lament is still justified—

Ah wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How she has cheapened paradise!
How given for nought her precious gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!¹

The foul plays that still disgrace our stage, the fouler books pushed by unscrupulous publishers, would not succeed as they do if not patronized by "respectable" women, afraid of being out of the swim. And even of those who draw the line at such immoralities, how many weakly adopt the offensive modes of dress of which the stage sets the example. It would seem that slavery to fashion is the last infirmity of female minds, often leading them to indulge in attire which, so far from being beautiful, is as grotesque as it is indecent. We are glad to see that the Leagues of Catholic Women in France and Italy are taking the matter up: it is one which may well occupy the attention of our own C.W.L. It would be sad if the English clergy were forced to follow the example of a certain parish priest in Northern Italy who, as reported in the *Catholic Times*,² has placed on his church door a notice to the following effect—"Those dressed according to the 'liberal,' fashions are not supposed to enter, nor will their offerings be accepted. One who follows the fashions does not follow Jesus."

Modesty and moderation in dress therefore, is one way of combatting the "White Slave" Traffic. State laws may prop and patch and strengthen the outward frame of civilization—a very necessary work—but woman, pure in herself, pure in her family relations, pure in society, alone can save its heart from corruption.

**Bigotry at
the
Earl's Court
Exhibition.**

We pass from the exploitation of vice to the exploitation of the sentiment of bigotry, a very characteristic sample of which is afforded by one of the side shows at the Earl's Court Exhibition. It is placarded outside, "Relics of the Inquisition," and, in different characters, "Relics from the Council Chamber of Lisbon," and one is left to infer—what is a mere matter of inference—that the "Council Chamber of Lisbon," was that of the Inquisition

¹ *The Angel in the House.*

² July 7. We do not accept the report, nor would the *Catholic Times*, as certainly authentic.

established in that city. However, the juxtaposition of the names "Lisbon" and "Inquisition," strikes the appropriate sinister note, and that impression is heightened by the presence of two mechanical figures fashioned in leather which flank the entrance, one of which is a soldier with uplifted sword, and the other an open-mouthed image, in the recesses of whose jaws may be seen the barrel of a pistol. It is explained by the showman, who is voluble in describing the "horrors" to be seen within, that on the manipulation of a string the pistol used to explode and the sword descend, which is probable enough. Many similar figures are known to exist—there are some on the battlements of York, if we remember right—and they were sometimes set as burglar-traps at the doorways of lonely country mansions. Here, we are supposed to infer, they represent samples of the diabolical ingenuity of the Inquisitors who employed them to frighten their victims. But after passing these, one must be prepared for an anti-climax, for there is nothing inside (with one exception to be presently noticed), which even remotely suggests the Inquisition. If these "relics" had been described as what they very well may be,—a collection of ancient leather *objets d'art*,—no one would have connected them with Torquemada. They are interesting in their way, although in their present decayed state not at all beautiful, as representing a curious fashion in house decoration. The bulk of the collection consists of furniture—chairs, tables, cabinets, candelabra, clocks,—and household utensils—wine-jars, and drinking-cups in great variety,—all, as far as can be seen, formed of leather, with, no doubt, an interior wooden framework. Many of the torch-holders, chairs and jars are human figures, and there is a large number of statues sacred and profane, including a number of devils tormenting the lost, which probably formed part of the equipment of a processional car.

This collection has long been known to exist, although its origin is quite uncertain. It was described at length in the *Strand Magazine* for July, 1908, where the writer, on the unsupported testimony of its then owner, states that it belonged formerly to the Council Chamber of the Inquisition at Lisbon, and gives this further account of its *provenance*, viz., that it was stolen thence by a pirate at the beginning of the seventeenth century (*i.e.*, some forty years before the declaration of Portuguese independence), left by the pirate in his will to a certain James Allinson of "Nespra Hall, York," came on his intestacy into chancery, and thence into the hands of someone unknown, who sold it piece by piece through the medium of another person unknown to its present anonymous possessor. It will be seen from this very vague and unauthenticated account that its connection with the Inquisition is supported by no shadow of real evidence, and it will be seen, by those who

pay their threepence in the vain expectation of "thrills," that, even if it did adorn the Inquisitors' halls, it gives no suggestion of their supposed practices, unless we place significance on the vast number of drinking vessels. Like many of the shows in country fairs, it is a sad take-in.

But what most of all stigmatizes this exhibition as pandering to anti-Catholic prejudices is the inclusion amongst these leather curiosities of a model of the notorious "Iron Virgin of Nuremberg," a medieval instrument of punishment used in that Free City, but *only after it had become a Protestant community*,¹ and commonly associated with the Inquisition by uneducated or malicious anti-Catholic writers. To set such a thing in its present surroundings can only be characterized as rank dishonesty. The "Iron Virgin," at any rate, did not form part of the leather equipment of the Lisbon Council chamber, so she has no right to be in this particular galley; and, moreover, she had never any connection with the Catholic religion, and would feel much more at home alongside Elizabeth's "Scavenger's Daughter" in the Tower.

**The Church
and
Liberty.**

The continued effort made to connect Home Rule with religious persecution on the part of the Church demands from the Catholic citizen continued repudiation. We have nothing to do with the political arguments adduced at the Unionist Albert Hall meeting of June 14, arguments which may be presumed to account for the presence on that Orange platform of the President of the Catholic Association, but we emphatically protest against the constant reiteration of the old calumny that Catholicism, and Irish Catholicism in particular, spells religious intolerance. The Catholic who shows scorn or hostility towards others because of their difference of belief is so far unworthy of his creed and only ignorance of its spirit can excuse him. But we doubt whether ignorance can excuse those Albert Hall politicians, the whole gist of whose arguments was that the Church is only waiting for Home Rule to begin a regime of persecution in N.E. Ulster. To those who know Ireland and Catholicism the idea is preposterous, as it is to those who know history. Those who read the story of the Reformation with unbiassed minds cannot fail to see that the authority of the Church was rejected only to make way for State absolutism. Civil liberty soon went the way of religious. "All the people of the Protestant countries," wrote a Protestant, Lord Molesworth, in 1692² "have lost their freedom since they changed their faith." There is no liberty so intimate and so precious as liberty of conscience, and against the State's intrusion into the domain of conscience, the Catholic Church is and has always been the one

¹ See *The "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg*, by H. Lucas, S.J. C.T.S. 1d.

² *An Account of Denmark*.

efficient bulwark. Why are not all the elementary schools of England at this moment teaching a State-approved religion in violation of parental rights? Mainly because of the stubborn resistance of Catholics in England. In their hatred of Catholicism Nonconformists have shown themselves willing to forego their theories of spiritual independence of the State, and it is to Nonconformists that upholders of Secular Education—a tyranny worse even than Cowper-Templeism—are now making their appeal. In an Open Letter quoted in the *Times* of May 30th, the Executive Committee of the Secular Education League thus address the Free Churches:—

Nonconformists deny that the State has a right to teach religion to its citizens . . . [and claim] that the duty of the State is to remain neutral respecting a matter outside its province . . . If it is wrong to use public money for the teaching of religion to adults in the Church [this is aimed at the endowment of the English Church], must it not be also wrong to use public money for the teaching of religion to children in the schools?

Here we have the usual illogical assumptions—that the State is something quite apart from and above its component sections, that a neutral attitude towards religion is not really a denial of it, that real education can afford to ignore God, the source of all reality and the foundation of all duty, that the teacher is nothing but a civil servant and not also a substitute for the parent—which are characteristic of the “secular” mind, and produce an inability or unwillingness to own that the views of those citizens who think that education does not necessarily involve religion have no claim to override the convictions of those citizens who hold that it does. The letter ends with the bold prophecy “the secular solution is as inevitable as the Disestablishment of the Church.” We think the Penal Laws will have to be re-enacted first.

The Mote
and
the Beam.

We do not know whether Dr. Horton still considers the Catholic Church to be Anti-Christ but, if so, it puzzles us to imagine what Church he thinks the true one or, indeed, what he means by the Church. Latterly, as quoted by the *Christian World*,¹ he has painted a vivid picture of the results of the Protestant rejection of authority in religion and dependence on private judgment, although he does not seem capable of making the logical inference. He says to his flock—

We have had hard times of late, as you know. All the embattled powers of darkness have conspired to shake our faith in our Lord. The anti-Christ's swarm; they start up on every

¹ April 18th.

side. Now they are outside the Church assailing it, now they are inside corrupting it. A pseudo 'Congregational minister' [This, no doubt, is his colleague, the Rev. R. J. Campbell] starts up and denies the historic reality of Jesus, and incredible as it seems, professing Christians give ear to him, and set aside the united testimony of the Church for nineteen hundred years in favour of a crude and ill-informed rationalism. An ignorant American woman evolves a new Christianity, and writes a new Bible, and immediately professing Christians follow her, idealise her, and do all but worship her. Another erratic woman proclaims the truth of Hinduism, and offers the gospel of the second century, Gnosticism, in place of the Gospel of Christ, and even out of the Churches a crowd follows her. It is not too much to say that anyone to-day will get a hearing who will only quite frankly be anti-Christ.

All this is truly and eloquently put, but Dr. Horton is not the proper man to say it. All the people he stigmatizes, assuming their sincerity, are quite as justified in their beliefs as he is in his. Who is he to throw scorn on Mrs. Eddy or Mrs. Besant? Elsewhere he has told us regarding the latter—"the possibility that Mrs. Besant is the herald of a new dawn, a new Messiah for a Godless and Christless world, must be faced by the candid enquirer."¹ Can a man whose Christianity sits so lightly upon him blame others who have cast it wholly off?

In another respect Dr. Horton is more consistent with himself. Surrounded by the crumbling ruins of the Lutheran revolt, he still has time to notice and bewail the benighted condition of Catholics. Latterly he has been entertaining in his Chapel the "Evangelical Continental Society," which exists "to make grants to mission work on the Continent," and he explained that it operated "in no sectarian spirit," but was moved "simply by pity for the darkness of Continental Europe." And then came his illustration.

This had been forcibly brought home to him in a recent visit to a French village. The devotion of the peasantry to their Church was beautiful to witness, and the other side of the picture was that all the services were meant to lessen the torments of souls in purgatory. When it broke in upon his mind that this was the object of it all his heart sank within him.²

We cannot help being reminded of Dr. Horton's visit to an Irish village described in *My Belief*.³ His impressions were not so favourable.

¹ *My Belief*, p. 14. Further on he says: "We [thinkers like Dr. Horton] do not now venture to say that Christianity is distinguished from other religions by the fact that it is revelation and they are not. (*ibid.*, p. 57.)

² *Christian World*, May 9th.

³ P. 180.

I was present once at Mass in a Wicklow village. The chapel was crowded with the people, high and low. Nothing could be more edifying until one looked into their faces. . . . I watched the people as they came out. There was no gleam of light, no trace of worship.

The French peasants are beautifully devout, but their devotion is misdirected! The Irish peasants are edifying, but only when seen from the back! What sort of a purblind vision have we in this traveller? "Come," Dr. Horton would say to each of his dear Irish and French brothers, "let me cast out the mote from thine eye." Could we blame those Irish and French brethren of his if they chose to reply in the words of Matthew vii. 5?

Ethics
and
Eugenics.

The occurrence this month of the first Eugenics Congress and the present discussion in Parliament of the Government's "Mental Deficiency" Bill, point anew to the necessity of Catholics putting forward sound views on the ethical questions arising. For upholders of Eugenics generally and ordinary politicians are very apt to take short-sighted views: they do not look beyond this world and so their projects can hardly fail to be misguided and inadequate. The questions involved in the case of the Feeble-minded have much more than a merely temporal bearing, and can only be thoroughly discussed in the light of revelation. A congenital idiot is not a pretty sight, yet, if baptized, he is heir to eternal glory and, if not, to endless natural happiness beyond the grave. It is much better for him to be as he is than not to be at all. But what about the State? Well, of course, if idiocy tended to spread and increase to such a degree as to threaten the existence of the State or burden it over much, its right to self-preservation would justify measures of protection. Short of that, a Christian community, whilst taking all lawful means to procure the health of its members, should not object to the existence of the mentally deficient, even though it may have to support some of them. Whatever Eugenists may say there is no evidence that feeble-mindedness is so greatly on the increase that there is imperative need for a Bill like Mr. McKenna's. To us it seems to interfere unduly with the liberty of the citizen, especially of the poor citizen. Consider the definition of "Imbeciles" given under Clause 16: "Persons who are capable of guarding themselves against common physical dangers but who are incapable of earning their own living by reason of mental defect existing from birth or from an early age." This is a dangerously wide definition, and still more so is that of "feeble-minded persons," "persons, that is to say, who may be capable of earning their living under favourable circumstances but are incapable through mental defect existing from birth or from an early

ge—(i) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or, (ii) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence."

There is a taint of the stock-yard about all this which the Christian conscience instinctively detects and abhors. As long as weak-minded people have intelligence enough to know the nature of a contract, they are competent to marry; and short of grave injury to the State they should not be prevented. We have here an open attempt to run the world without the influences of Christianity, and a further intrusion of the State into the family relation in the interests of mere secularism. And there is an even more outrageous suggestion in rating amongst defectives "those in whose case it is desirable in the interests of the State, that they should be deprived of the opportunity of procreating children," for there is nothing in these words to prevent the resort to mutilation as the handiest means of deprivation.

We trust that Catholics will do what they can in discussions and in the Press to separate the good from the bad in all these projects, and, in this connection, we are glad to call attention to an apposite little Manual, written for the Catholic Social Guild by Fr. Thomas Gerrard and entitled, "The Church and Eugenics," which will be issued in the course of the month. It is the first attempt to put forward Christian teaching on this most important subject, exhaustively, clearly, and persuasively.

**Rip van Winkle
on
Luther.** American scholarship has a not unmerited repute amongst us, but that reputation would not long survive such books as that written by a certain Mr. Louis Wallis, and issued by the University of Chicago. It is an "examination of Hebrew History in relation to the idea of God," and is called "Sociological Study of the Bible." Our only purpose in noticing it is to call attention to the following passage:—

The critical point in Luther's experience came when he began to study the Bible. It was an unusual and revolutionary thing at that time for a person of religious training to study the Bible. This ancient collection of writings came to Luther like a newly-found world. This discovery of the Bible can be compared with the discovery of America by Columbus.

Just as a single social lapse is often enough to mark out one not to the manner born, so a declaration like this suffices to "place" Mr. Wallis as an historian. We have no further need for his "sociological study." We should as soon read the works of the late Mr. Walter Walsh, F.R.H.S. But why did he not ask some up-to-date friend to read his proof-sheets?

The End
does *not* justify
the Means.

It is sad to see that, in spite of the recognized futility of the Window-Breaking Campaign in furtherance of the claims of women to the franchise, the same silly and dishonest practices have been adopted lately in the Catholic city of Dublin where one would expect a sufficiently clear understanding of the bearings of the Seventh Commandment; although, indeed, it is not clear that the heroines on this occasion were Catholics. But it would seem that even Catholics need convincing that wanton damage of the property of others is a sin, which not the very purest or loftiest motives can justify. Many welcomed the formation of the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society on the grounds that it would bring Catholic principles to bear on the movement, yet, as far as we know, it has issued no public repudiation of the immoral methods of the "militants," an omission which is all the more noticeable because the "National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies," a non-Catholic body of course, has denounced them, and which accordingly will do something to discredit the C.W.S.S. amongst their co-religionists. Meanwhile, we regret to see that the Government, by discriminating between the ringleaders in this dishonest conspiracy and their dupes have given some support to the prevalent notion that criminal actions done in support of political movements become in some way less criminal. We suggest, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, as a profitable motto for the Home Secretary to ponder upon.

Reviews.

I.—VITAL CHRISTIANITY.¹

TO know the one true God and Jesus Christ whom He sent is, our Lord assures us, Eternal Life. But that knowledge is not to be founded upon mere hearsay or gathered from mere acquaintance: it should be an intimate knowledge based on experience and warmed by personal intercourse into friendship. Friendship implies some sort of equality and, strictly speaking, such relationship with our Creator was not possible until He put Himself on our level by assuming our nature. Thenceforward the chief business, the noblest occupation, the greatest privilege of man upon this earth has been to enter into terms of friendship with God-made-Man, as the necessary preliminary to the eternal companionship of Heaven. The need, the profit, the process of this intimate relationship have been developed with all his accustomed skill and insight by Mgr. Benson in this book of sermons, which, for vivid portrayal of deep spiritual realities, is well worthy to rank with *Christ in the Church*. He begins by showing that this Divine friendship was one of the chief objects of the Incarnation, how it was desired and demanded explicitly by our Lord, and how more and more real it can become till the veil between mortal conditions and eternity becomes in the Unitive Way well nigh diaphanous. Then he sketches for us the many ways in which, with the prodigality of love, our Divine Friend manifests Himself—in the Eucharist *par excellence*, in the Church, in the Priest, in the Saint, in the Sinner, even, and the Average Man, and in the Sufferer—thus appealing to every part of our complicated personality in every variety of circumstance. The book ends with a finely-elaborated description of the lesson and the revelation of the Crucifixion, and of the justification of the whole Divine Plan in the Resurrection.

¹ *The Friendship of Christ*. By Robert Hugh Benson. London: Longmans. Pp. viii, 167. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912.

It will be seen that the matter of these discourses is familiar—how could it well be otherwise?—but the arrangement, the development, above all, the freshness of treatment, invest it with all the force of originality. Mgr. Benson deals, indeed, with the commonplaces of asceticism, but sets them forth in new lights, which show their far-reaching implications, their inner harmonies, their ennobling effects, their solid and fundamental truth. If the lukewarm or the "ordinary" Catholic can read these discourses without much searching of heart, without shame on account of almost incredible blindness, without regret at the loss of prolific opportunities, without determination to become less unworthy of his high privileges, then he may well fear that he is cultivating, not the friendship of Christ, but the friendship of this world which, as St. James tells us, is enmity towards God.

2.—THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.¹

Dr. Seisenberger's Practical Handbook runs through the usual course of books of the sort. It has sections on the Geography and Archæology of the Holy Land, on the Holy Places and the ritual of the worship held in them; on the theological questions bearing on the nature of Holy Scripture, its inspiration and its Canon; on the sacred text and the forms and codices, and likewise the translations, in which it has been preserved to us; on special introduction to the books which compose it, and on the principles of interpretation through which the meaning is to be extracted. A good deal of information is condensed by the author into a short space, and no doubt the volume will be found useful by students. It is also most orthodox, so that it may be safely trusted, and readers will welcome the incorporation in its pages of Leo XIII.'s *Providentissimus Deus* (erroneously given in the Table of Contents as Pius X.'s), together with the latter's Syllabus of July, 1907, and *Motu Proprio* of November, 1907. All the more, however, on this account it seems a pity that it has not a firmer grasp of its subject and fails to prepare the student for the objections with which he is sure to be met, by more definite

¹ The Practical Handbook of the Study of the Bible and Bible Literature. By Dr. Michael Seisenberger of Freising. Translated by A. M. Buchanan. New York: Wagner. Pp. xii. 491. Price, 2 dollars net. 1912.

and adequate expositions of the points that now-a-days are so much controverted. How are our young men to defend the action of the Church if they are not instructed in these questions? A very simple illustration of what we mean can be seen in the account given of the successive theories of textual criticism as applied to the Greek Testament. We get just a little about the *textus receptus*, and about Griesbach, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, but nothing sufficiently definite to introduce the reader to the character of their principles. Nor is there more than the bare mention of Westcott and Hort, an account of whose brilliant theory would have been most instructive for students. The same is to be said of the section given to Dr. Bernhard Weiss's revision. A few purely external facts are mentioned about it, but no insight is given into the principles that govern it. The treatment of the Pentateuch question is a little fuller, but there should have been a better account of the special features in the Wellhausen theory, and the arguments by which the traditional belief can be defended against it. What the book has is answers to a few objections which barely touch this theory. Similarly defective is the treatment of the questions that have arisen during the last century or so as to the authenticity and interrelations of the Four Gospels. The present stage of this controversy is most interesting, inasmuch as the rationalistic theorizing is proving itself to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of its primary positions. All the more then the Catholic student needs to be introduced to the outlines of the discussion.

3.—THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.¹

It will be admitted, we think, that the eighth volume of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* cannot, on the whole, be considered one of the most interesting instalments of this excellent series. The fault, no doubt, lies in the subject and not in the execution. "The Age of Dryden," a phrase which excellently describes the general scope of the volume, was not a period of literature about which it is easy to grow enthusiastic. One cannot help feeling that the admiration which has at various times been expended upon "glorious John," was due in no small measure to the fact

¹ Edited by A. W. Ward, and A. R. Waller. Vol. VIII. "The Age of Dryden." Cambridge University Press. Pp. xiv. 516. Price, 9s. net. 1912.

that amongst his contemporaries in the field of literature, he stood almost alone. *In regno cæcorum monoculus est rex.* It was not in any sense an inspiring age and the men that made history seem to have been attracted in about equal proportions, either to the dreary fanaticism of the religious controversialists or to the lax morality of the Court. Nor were there wanting those who distinguished themselves in both capacities.

A contribution from the Editor, Dr. A. W. Ward, forms the first chapter in the volume, and is concerned with Dryden himself. It is an excellent piece of work and seems to us as criticism to ring true. Without belittling his subject unduly, Dr. Ward is under no delusions as to Dryden's faults and limitations. But he is just to him, not only as an author, but also as a man.

The effect [he says] of Dryden's conversion upon his spiritual life lies beyond the range of literary criticism. It is, however, certain that, to the aspiration "good life be now my task," there corresponds, at a time very near that of his change of faith, a confession which in depth of feeling and in severity of self-judgment, stands almost alone among his published writings. The spring and force of by far the most beautiful among his longer lyrics, the *Ode to the pious memory of the accomplisht Young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew* (printed in 1686, the year after that of her death) are characteristic of Dryden's genius; but in the spirit of the poem, especially of the well-known fourth stanza,

O Gracious God ! how far have we
Profan'd Thy Heavenly Gift of Poesy, etc.

we recognize that it was composed at a time when his whole nature was moved by unwonted impulses.

Perhaps there is no clearer evidence of the barrenness of the land in the particular region now before us than the fact that a chapter of twenty-eight pages is devoted to Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. When one notices that Jeremy Taylor, in the previous volume, is dismissed in exactly three pages, while such a personage as Oldham, in the present instalment, claims eight, a doubt occurs whether the division of the whole material has always been quite judicious. Three excellent chapters by three different authors are devoted to the Restoration drama, and there is a good account by Mr. H. B. Wheatley (who has also supplied valuable material for the bibliography of Dryden), of the

"Memoir and Letter Writers," particularly, of course, of Evelyn and Pepys. Other notable and rather unwonted features in such a history of literature are a chapter on "The Progress of Science," another on "Legal Literature," which, chronologically speaking, harks back to the days of Fortescue, Littelton, Coke, and Selden, and lastly a section of fourteen pages devoted to the "Early Quakers." Altogether, this really national work shows no signs of failing vitality, and the lists of errata speak well for the interest taken by the editors in its reputation for accurate scholarship.

4.—RUSSIA AND THE HOLY SEE.¹

Father Pierling in this latest volume of his researches, touches upon a very interesting chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in Russia. To form some idea of the importance from a Catholic point of view of the events which it chronicles, one has only to remember that the period dealt with, extending from 1769 to 1804, covers the reigns of Catherine II. and Paul I. with part of that of Alexander I., and that it embraces such events as the partition of Poland, and the maintenance of the Society of Jesus in defiance of the Papal Bull of Suppression. As in his previous works, Father Pierling bases his narrative upon a first-hand study of the sources—documents, which like those in the archives of Propaganda and the Vatican, are now being used practically for the first time. Moreover our historian is the possessor of a very pleasant narrative style. He has plenty of verve and to this he joins the art of painting an effective and accurate picture, abounding in detail but without overwhelming the reader with tedious quotations. Apart from their Imperial Majesties who occupied the throne of Russia, and whose influence no doubt was preponderant in directing the course of events, the central figure of the present volume is Stanislaus Siestrzencewicz, a Lithuanian convert from Calvinism, who as Bishop and Archbishop governed the Catholic Church in Russia for more than half a century. His early life, which included a term of military service as a volunteer in the Prussian army, proved rather a curious preparation for an ecclesiastical career. There can be no

¹ *La Russie et le Saint-Siège, Etudes Diplomatiques, V.* Paris: Plon-Nourrit. Pp. vi. 480. Price, 7.50 fr. 1912.

doubt that he did much to play into the hands of the Erastianizing officials of Catherine II. and Alexander I., while his independence of view was such as to cause the gravest anxiety at Rome, but, nevertheless, "ce personnage bizarre," as Count Joseph de Maistre called him, was by no means without his good qualities, and he possessed such unmistakable ability and moral integrity as to make his office respected. Another figure which looms large in Father Pierling's pages is that of Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Lorenzo Litta, who, as Mgr. Bernard Ward has recently taught us in his *Dawn of Catholic Emancipation in England*, at a later date had much to do as Prefect of Propaganda with the affairs of this country and with the controversies between Bishops Poynter and Milner and the Prelates of Ireland. Litta, it must be confessed, does not play a very imposing part in Father Pierling's narrative, and it is interesting to note that these two historians, writing independently of each other, concerning two widely different phases in the career of the same ecclesiastic, manage to leave upon the reader just the same impression of pompous, narrow, and rather self-satisfied incompetence. Another point in the work before us likely to be interesting to an English public is the account of the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Malta, and in particular the election of the eccentric Emperor Paul I. to the Grand Mastership after the capture of the island by Bonaparte in 1798. Certainly the present section of Father Pierling's chronicle does not want for incident or variety. The account of the support given by Catherine to the Jesuits after the Bull of Suppression, action which had such great consequences in facilitating the restoration of the Society at a later period, is extraordinarily interesting, and the story of the mission of Father Gruber to Russia as papal envoy reads like a romance. We cannot but feel that Father Pierling has given us in this volume one of the most delightful of his contributions to Russian history.

5.—FOR LAYMEN.¹

This book is in the main a statement, and in part a defence, of dogmatic and supernatural Christianity, inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for the High-Anglican system, by sym-

¹ A Parson's Defence. By S. E. Carpenter, M.A., Warden of the Gonville and Caius College Mission and Settlement in Battersea. London: Longmans. Pp. xiv. 250. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912.

pathy with modern scientific achievement, and by zeal on behalf of the alienated laymen for whom it is primarily intended.

It has been a pleasure to read these pages, with their frankly supernatural standards, their poetry, their piety, their tonic of keen wit which is never flippancy. If Mr. Carpenter does not quite understand, we think, the psychology of Catholic life, nor the spiritual coefficient of the Church's material organization, we will not quarrel with him for that (though we could find, perhaps, an answer to his criticisms), so thoroughly courteous and honourable is his address, and so clearly does he realize that not to have lived by a certain life makes it hard for a man to understand those who do. "To be clerically minded," he quotes, "is death." Hence, by office and by choice, he will have struggled to enter into the lives, and thus the thoughts and ideals, of very varied classes, and will ensure to his book readers and a welcome beyond the accustomed limits.

For more than the clergy must make use of it, though they, indeed, "are great readers of what is not meant for them"; and while the "R.P.A. Reprints" are surely pored over by the working-classes in their thousands (thus accurately reaching their public), yet our "evidential lectures touch few but candidates for ordination."

Here is the "English tragedy," according to Mr. Carpenter. The "Quest of the Historical Jesus" exists; "the Hunt is thundering by"; yet "ninety per cent of people have not realized that anything is up. They didn't even know there was a meet." Yet have the cold showers of "science" been followed by the scorching rays of "a new psychology and in revived interest in religion," and there is high hope, though the conditions be a torture. So we trust that this book will indeed be read, and its argument transcended, by many: for it will regain the reverence of many an unbeliever for discarded ideals of faith, of mystery, dogma, sacrificial sacrament, nay, for that very "religion of Christians which is Christ": it will help Catholics to bring no railing accusation against that modern Anglicanism which, incomplete in faith, yet abounds in Christian works; it may focus light upon points in their own habits, or their own horizons, to which, may be, they had turned their eyes too rarely.

6.—RELIGION AND MARRIAGE.¹

Readers of the novels of Mr. Philip Gibbs—a large and, we hope, an increasing class, for they are all eminently worth reading,—will by this time have recognized that the “moving accident” is not his trade, any more than it was that of Wordsworth. His works are studies of human nature, a more difficult *genre* than the weaving of plots, and consequently, when successful, more worthy of consideration. In his latest book, *Helen of Lancaster Gate*, he groups around his heroine an agreeable variety of characters which serve at once to test and perfect hers, and to illustrate its essential nobility. At the beginning of the story Helen comes back from a convent-school in Paris to her London home in the wealthy quarter of Bayswater. She finds her family immersed in various pursuits of their own—her mother in social work, her father in finance, her elder brother in Parliamentary work, “precious humbug” he not inaptly calls it, her other brother in scientific aviation—no one seems to have much sympathy to spare for the ex-schoolgirl whom they have not learnt to consider as a woman. In addition, Helen has brought back with her from France what France—some of it—holds of little worth, viz., the Catholic faith, and this tends to put her more out of touch with the worldliness of her surroundings, for even her mother’s charitable occupations are not inspired by charitable ideals, but by ambition and love of power. However, by mere unselfishness and sincere though undemonstrative devotion to principle, aided by a very spirited wit of her own, Helen gradually makes an impression on the household, an impression which is greatly heightened when Lord Belfield, Under Secretary for War, falls in love with her, for by birth and position and connections such a suitor could advance the interests of all. Helen, not knowing her own mind, permits a sort of engagement, but after a while meets again a struggling young artist who befriended her on her return journey, feels the advent of genuine passion, and resolves to break with Lord Belfield. Her purpose is aided by the simultaneous exposure of her father’s business frauds, which result in seven years’ imprisonment for him and the ruin of the family fortunes. Helen marries the artist, and the rest of the book describes with

¹ *Helen of Lancaster Gate*. By Philip Gibbs. London: Herbert and Daniel. Pp. 434. Price, 6s. 1912.

great psychological insight the result of the union of a high-principled and pure nature with a thorough Bohemian, an irresponsible pagan character, not indeed radically corrupted by loose Parisian associations and with plenty of natural good qualities, but swayed by merely materialistic ideals. Happily the result is fortunate, but if the author had wished to write a tract against the evils of mixed marriages, he could hardly have painted them with greater effect. Although at first more than ordinarily happy in their mutual love, which throws a glamour over poverty and ill-success, Geoffrey and Helen soon begin to feel religion a barrier between them. The consciousness that he has no part in the highest and holiest phases of her life is a perpetual irritation to Helen's husband, whilst on her part she is tortured by the thought that what to her is the most solid and tremendous of realities seems to him delusion and superstition. And the arrival of a child, who asks precocious questions and notices the divergence of ideal, makes the situation more poignant. Helen doesn't argue, but works and suffers and prays; Geoffrey loses trust in his art, and having no other source of hope, sinks into depression. If only his skill and cleverness were recognized, then he might, perhaps, believe in Providence. At last, in answer to the devotion of the wife, Providence does interfere, using as its agent the broken old ex-convict, to whom Helen has given a shelter. By dint of shrewdness and perseverance, he manages to sell many of his son-in-law's pictures whilst the latter was nursing his despair in Paris, and to set him on the road to success. Geoffrey returns, determined no longer to be a burden on his wife but to seek service under a prosperous boot-making uncle, and is met with the glad news that his day has come at last. Conversion is not instantaneous, for the book is artistically conceived, but we are left with the conviction that material prosperity is but the shadow of a greater good which has entered the soul of the artist—the power to believe.

The story thus imperfectly sketched well deserves careful reading, for the style, as well as matter, makes it more than ordinarily readable. The lessons it conveys are none the less effective because indirect. In the case of the other personages the uses of adversity if not sweet are at any rate salutary. But Helen is refined by suffering and prayer from a good Christian into an heroic one. Admiration of her character is inevitable, and from admiration may spring a desire to emulate.

Short Notices.

UNDER the title of **Marriage, Divorce, and Morality** (Burns and Oates : 1s. 6d. net), Father Henry Day, S.J., publishes what were originally four Sermons and an Address, delivered recently to full audiences at Manchester and Liverpool on *Moral Laxity, The Depreciation of Marriage, Divorce, Race Degeneration, and Race Regeneration*. The little volume is not one *virginibus puerisque*, and yet in a true sense it is for them, inasmuch as it is our young people who are the readiest victims to the forces of evil now so active, and it is for their parents and advisers to study the dangers that beset them and see that they are warned against these and protected in time. For such guides and protectors of youth particularly Father Day's wholesome words and well-founded delineations of the evils of the day can be very helpful, as the Bishop of Salford judges in his short Preface : "I have reason to believe that the following discourses of Father Henry Day were delivered at times and places wisely chosen, and that they exercised a beneficent effect upon many of those who listened to them."

The modern tendency, in writing popular histories, is to give less prominence to the doings of Kings and dynastic matters, than to the fortunes of the population at large, and perhaps in time we shall have to turn to such records as Mr. Frederic Bagshawe has compiled in his sumptuous **History of the Royal Family of England** (Sands : 2 vols., 21s. net), for information about the heads of the State in pre-democratic days. But of course Mr. Bagshawe tells us much more than the old-fashioned histories contained about the rulers of England, for he has space to follow up their fortunes and those of their relatives and descendants in considerable detail. The work makes no pretence at originality, but it is the outcome of considerable reading, digested by a shrewd judgment, and being couched in an easy conversational style, forms a ready means of acquiring historical knowledge. An abundance of genealogical tables helps the reader through complicated relationships.

A dainty little book compiled by Father Bernard Page, S.J., **A Practical Guide for servers at Low Mass and Benediction** (Washbourne : 6d. net), well merits the epithet which begins its title. It is above all things practical, and many ingenious devices of typography are employed to make it so. Provision is also made for the server's personal edification, by prayers to be said when he is not actually serving or following the priest, and for the edification of the faithful generally, by hints as to reverential dress and deportment. It should be a favourite book in many sanctuaries.

Two new volumes in the already large M. Gabalda's series *Les Saints*, both concern natives of France, but they are widely separated in time. **Saint Césaire, évêque d'Arles**, by the Abbé Chaillan, deals with the well-known Canonist and administrator, who ruled the important See of Arles, in

Provence, for nearly forty years (503—543), and did much to regulate and consolidate Church government during a time when Gaul was still suffering from the barbarian invasion. Full justice is done to the character and work of this great saint in the Abbé Chaillan's scholarly Life. In the account of *La Vénérable Emelie de Rodat*, by Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Auch, we are brought down to modern times for the subject of this biography, who was the Foundress of the Religious of the Holy Family, one of those admirable Congregations which sprang up in France as soon as the final defeat of Napoleon made comparative peace possible. It was founded in Villefranche-de-Rouergue in the South of France, the year after Waterloo, and flourished mainly in the land of its birth, possessing at the time of the general suppression in 1904, 156 houses in France, three in Syria and one in Switzerland. The persecution has left under the charge of the Religious only forty-eight hospitals, but the storm has scattered the seed abroad, and there are now thirty-four foreign houses. The history of the holy Foundress, marked by all the usual Providential features, is sympathetically traced by the Archbishop.

Those who are ordained in future years, and begin to recite the Office of the Church under the Decrees recently issued, will have no idea of the difficulty which their predecessors are going through in the present year. A priest even of a few years' standing goes to his Breviary as to an old friend, who has ever something new to tell, but whose manner and habits are so familiar that we can read his message without any conscious effort in passing from page to page, or from "Common" to "Proper." Now, this very familiarity is our undoing! Everything wears a new face, and even those rubrics which are unchanged in substance come before us as strangers whose ways need careful study, before we can feel at home with them. It is to such "old stagers" that the *Notes on the New Rubrics and the Use of the New Psalter* (Burns and Oates: 1s. 6d. net) of Father Hetherington will most appeal. They are clear and simple, grouping together and comparing the directions which refer to similar parts or seasons. These notes are, however, not intended for, nor will they prove of use to, those who merely read them through in a cursory manner. They are rather a kind of *vade mecum* for priests to have at their elbow for constant reference until they feel sure that they know the new manner of reciting their Office as well as they knew the former way.

From America comes a *Life of the Venerable Francis Libermann* (Herder: 4s. net), by Father G. Lee, C.S.Sp., a member of the older Missionary Society of the Holy Ghost, with which Libermann's foundation became amalgamated in 1848. English readers have already had his saintly career brought before them in their own tongue, but it is more than thirty years since the previous book was published, and in view of the process of Beatification which is being actively prosecuted, this new account will meet a cordial welcome. Libermann's life, although marked by the general characteristics of those who are chosen by God to do great things for Him, has many points of peculiar interest, and it is excellently told in this biography.

The Conferences which M. l'Abbé Gerbeaud has translated from the Spanish of Father R. Amado, S.J., under the title *J'ai perdu la Foi!* (Tèqui: 2.00 fr.), have for object the refutation of the common objections advanced by infidels against the Faith, and use the effective method of showing the fallaciousness of the axioms on which infidelity is based, and the reasonable

character of the act of faith itself. The whole argument is skilfully constructed from data which the unbeliever cannot rightly question, and makes a useful piece of apologetic. We notice up and down things which might have been expressed more carefully. For instance, "man triumphs in violating the laws of Nature but is ashamed of violating the moral law," is an idea which will not bear analysis: all man does is to neutralize or overcome one natural force by another: no law of nature can be "broken" or abrogated except by the Author of Nature. Again, "tolerance" towards unbelievers is deprecated, but it is not pointed out that this refers only to one's moral estimates: we are not supposed to judge our fellows who are heretics or infidels and conduct ourselves towards them as if they were necessarily culpable, but we must hold that *ceteris paribus* a believer is more worthy of esteem than an infidel.

The same publishers issue another little book of apologetic at the same price, viz., *Y-a-t-il un Dieu?* by M. Henri Hugon, which is conceived on the simple plan of taking the testimony of the human race at large on the subject of God's existence and man's immortality. The author has investigated every part of the globe and every period of history, and if his collection of evidence sometimes includes matter not adequately corroborated, on the whole it forms a very useful compendium of facts utterly destructive of the materialistic hypothesis.

Mr. Belloc somewhere imagines a character afflicted by a malady which compels him to utter exactly what he thinks—with uncomfortable results for his social *milieu*. A similar idea, but greatly extended and elaborated, appears in *A Land of Shadows*, published by W. H. Smith and Son, at 6d. net. The author satirizes many modern institutions in a sort of allegory, which is clever enough in parts, but becomes wearisome on account of its length and the unrelieved character of its invective.

Under the title of *Quelques Œuvres et quelques Œuvriers* (Bloud: 3.50 fr.) M. Etienne Lamy, of the French Academy, has collected a number of papers and addresses on themes and personalities connected with social work and the interests of practical Christianity. They are well worth enshrining in permanent form, for they unite clearness and even brilliancy of language with an able statement, under various aspects, of the functions of the Church in human society. Particularly interesting is the discourse on the "Settlement" system, that practical effort to bridge the gulf between rich and poor, which took its origin in this country a generation ago and is still capable of much extension.

M. Émile Lauvrière has already distinguished himself by the exhaustive study of Poe as man and author which he published seven years ago. His *Edgar Poe* (Bloud: 2.50 fr.), therefore, one of the series "Ecrivains Étrangers," may claim to be an authoritative if popular work, for in it the former material is utilized in the main and advantage taken of more recent publications to bring the biography up to date.

The conception, the tone, and the moral of *The Light of the Vision* (Ave Maria Press: \$1.25) by that veteran author, Christian Reid, are all alike excellent and will be enjoyed by all who can reconcile themselves to a prevailing "bookiness" of language. The character of the heroine is very finely drawn and her career conveys a high spiritual lesson.

M. l'Abbé J. Tixeront, by the publication of a third volume, has brought to a conclusion his important *Histoire des Dogmes dans l'Antiquité Chrétienne*, which he began in 1905. Such comparative slowness in pro-

duction is a testimony as well to the vastness of the field covered as to the very careful craftsmanship which characterizes the work. This volume, entitled *La Fin de l'Age Patristique [430-800]* (Gabalda: 3.50 fr.), covers nearly half the whole period under review, but the necessity of assigning a very large space to the great achievements of St. Augustine accounts for the seeming disproportion. In these four centuries the author passes in review the Greek and Latin Fathers separately, tracing the growth in explicitness of the main Christian doctrines by means of treatises and Councils, but devoting especial attention to the Christology which, aided by various heresies, took more and more definite shape during this period. M. l'Abbé Tixeront is to be congratulated on the completion of an enterprize which will do much for the encouragement of patristic study. This work may be safely recommended as an enlightened guide to a period when the consciousness of the Church was, under Divine Providence, realizing more and more clearly the nature of the deposit entrusted to her.

The Professors of St. Louis University are doing valuable work in adapting scholastic philosophy to modern conceptions, not that they are attempting to give new meanings to old terms after the fashion of the Modernists, but trying rather to express the old ideas in language intelligible to the modern mind, which has lost, through its rejection of revelation, much natural knowledge besides. We have already noticed several constructive treatises on various points of Psychology: now, Father Hubert Gruender, S.J., in his *Psychology without a Soul* (Herder: 4s. net), not content with establishing the true doctrine, advances from that base into the enemy's country, and shows how inadequate and irrational are all materialistic theories which aim at accounting for the origin and phenomena of life. His treatment is thoroughly up-to-date, and with great skill he turns the weapons of the materialists against themselves, pointing out their constant abuse of scientific method and their hidden metaphysical assumptions. To deny the substantiality, simplicity and spirituality of the human soul, is to entangle oneself in a maze of fallacies, which all the resources of language are not able to disguise. Father Gruender's treatment of the matter is conducted in the easy popular method affected by Professor James, a philosopher whom he quotes frequently, and of whose weak as well as strong points he shows full appreciation.

Modern philosophers do not venture much into the field of pure metaphysics, and so Father Frick in his new (fourth) edition of *Ontologia sive Metaphysica Generalis* (Herder: 3s. 6d. cloth), first published in 1894, has little occasion to deal with contemporary theories. However, he is careful to deal with the incidental errors of modern thinkers, which are mere variants of the old difficulties, and arise often from the mere inadequacy of language to compass thought.

The perennial difficulty of those who regard the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith is how to reconcile with certainty the various contradictory injunctions they contain, and how to find in historic Christianity the literal fulfilment of their predictions. The author, Mr. Hector Waylen, of *Mountain Pathways: A Study in the Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount* (Kegan Paul: 2nd edition, 3s. 6d. net), who is apparently a member of the Society of Friends, solves the latter difficulty by supposing that (contrary to the promise of her Founder), the Church by the time of Constantine had apostatized: the former he does not seem to feel, as he takes all the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount as precepts. Thus oaths, even in a court of

law, are forbidden, military service is a degradation, it is better not to prosecute wrong-doers, &c.,—the usual distortions of the divine intention to which "private interpretation" naturally leads. Apart from this, however, there is much true spirituality in this commentary, and the discussion of the literal meaning of the words used, though conducted without reference to the sense in which they were taken by the early Fathers, is very interesting.

Messrs. Washbourne have added several more volumes to their *Angelus Series*, which are dainty little gilt-edged books of a devotional character published at the uniform price of 1s. 3d. There are two from the pen of Père Guibert, S.S., of the Catholic Institute of Paris,—**On Piety**, a treatise describing the true nature and effects of that virtue of which St. Paul says, it is "useful for everything," and clearly marking it off from the many counterfeits which have brought it into discredit with the world; and **On the Exercises of Piety**, which is complementary to the former, showing what are the chief means of advancing in the spiritual life open to the Christian soul, and how they may best be utilized. **On Union with God** is a translation of a work generally attributed to Blessed Albert the Great, and is intended primarily for Religious; it is not free in places from some suspicion of Quietism, as the notes of Père Berthier, O.P., are careful to point out. The fourth booklet is somewhat different in style from the others, being a series of letters from a young lady to her school-friends, but in reality it makes similarly for edification. Under cover of a very skilfully-constructed romance the story of a conversion is delicately told in these pages, with a rare appreciation of the psychology of the non-Catholic mind, and an unflinching literary grace. This member of the series—**From a Garden Jungle**—is sure to be widely welcomed.

It is doubtful whether the publication of **The Young Man from Stratford** (Reeves: 2s. net) by Henry Saint-George, will put an end to the controversy about the authorship of Shakespeare's works. As a writer in the *Eye-Witness* recently pointed out, no matter how preposterous a theory is started as to authorship and object, a certain number of strange coincidences may be found to support it. It is by brooding over the coincidences to the exclusion of all other considerations that one runs the risk of becoming a Baconian. Mr. Saint-George's purpose is not to cover the whole ground, but simply to controvert as a lawyer the position assumed by three other lawyers, Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, and Mr. Bompas, who have advocated Bacon's claims. He has no difficulty in showing how arbitrary in many cases are their assumptions, and how fallacious their logic. The author, who speaks not as a literary student but simply as a plain man in pursuit of evidence and solid fact, has occasion from time to time to remind advocates on the other side of their unwarranted prepossessions. There is much material for salutary reflection for partisans of both factions in this able analysis of the case.

It seems as if fame were coming to a dead poet and critic who evaded rather than sought it when alive. Lately was published a volume of Lionel Johnson's essays in criticism, and now **Some Poems of Lionel Johnson** (Elkin Mathews: 1s. net), a new selection, appears as a sort of anticipation of the republication of his collected essays in poetry. An illuminative introduction by Miss Guiney does full justice to this finely endowed soul, who, on account of his mature and rigorous self-criticism, seemingly produced no *juvenilia*. Irish readers should be foremost in welcome to one who sympathized so deeply with their country, although in the present volume that deep feeling is nowhere represented.

The second volume of Father Joseph Gredt's philosophical course, *Elementa Philosophiæ Aristotelico-Scholasticæ* (Herder : 7s. unbound), has made its appearance some three years after the first, and contains the treatises on Metaphysics and Ethics. The treatment of the matter, as we remarked of the first, is purely scholastic, based on the conceptions of God and Nature, first set forth in their fulness by the great work of St. Thomas, and here admirably developed with the logical clearness and conciseness characteristic of the Schools. In the various disputed questions, e.g., the nature of the distinction between essence and existence, and the method of God's knowledge of contingent futures, the author takes what, in its narrower sense, is called the "Thomist" view, but he states the case of his adversaries fairly enough, although he cannot, of course, develop their proofs as cogently as they would. There is, in our opinion, too great a tendency to rest these speculative questions on authority rather than reason. Outside matters connected with Faith, rational judgments should mainly be formed according to the weight of intrinsic evidence ; the giant intellects of days gone by, who are so constantly quoted, were often hampered, not to say misled, by the absence of sufficient experimental *data* for their inferences.

The early age at which, by the inspired direction of Christ's Vicar, children are now admitted to Holy Communion, is far from relieving those who have charge of them from the necessity of instructing them to the utmost of their capacity on the nature and effects of this Divine Food. On the contrary, this instruction should be, if possible, more minute, careful, and prolonged, since it is now put to the test of experimental knowledge. We have met with no treatise better calculated to aid teachers in this necessary work than *l'Éducation Eucharistique* (Téqui : 2.00 fr.), by the Abbé Broussolle, which is thorough, orderly, and scientific, embracing both the general and special preparation which is called for, and taking account all along of the mentality of childhood.

The same publishers have issued a new edition of *Conseils à une Amie*, (Téqui : 2.00 fr.), revised by M. J. de Puisaleine, which are a series of directions given by a "lady of quality" in 1749 to a young friend about to leave school. They remind one of the contemporaneous Chesterfield's *Letters* and, indeed, have little the advantage of the latter in moral tone, so saturated are they with the wisdom of this world and so devoid of the spirit of Christianity. Whatever be the excellence of the style, or the shrewdness of the advice, this is not a book which makes for edification.

That sanctity of conduct in the individual and unity and coherence in the body depend upon dogma, i.e., the authoritative assertion of supra-sensible religious truth, is demonstrated in a useful addition, *Le Dogme, Source d'Unité et de Sainteté dans l'Eglise* (Bloud : 1. 20 fr.), to M.M. Bloud's *Questions Théologiques*, by Père E. A. de Poulpique, O.P., a larger work of whose we reviewed last month. It is strange that fixed and certain principles should be considered a necessary condition for intellectual progress in all other branches of knowledge, but in the knowledge of things divine, should be regarded as fetters for mind and will. Père Poulpique well exposes the folly of this rationalistic *parti pris*. In the same *Collection Science et Religion*, M. H. Joly treats psychologically of *L'Enfant* (Bloud : 0.60 fr.), and there is a volume on the *Preuves de l'Immortalité de l'Âme* (Bloud : 0.60 fr.), adapted by Abbé Germain Gazagnol from the German of the Bishop of Paderborn.

It might do good to Mr. Neville Figgis, the author of those very popular

and in a general sense, valuable Hulsean lectures, **The Gospel and Human Needs**, of which Messrs. Longmans have lately issued a sixpenny edition, to study Père Poulpique's argument mentioned above. The lecturer, misled doubtless by Modernist fallacies, professes to find the Catholic system rationalistic, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation destructive of mystery, which shows that he has not grasped our Lord's object, expressed so clearly by Himself, in sending the Holy Spirit to abide with His Church. But although hampered by Anglican subjectivism, these lectures are a bold protest against compromise with the world, the pretensions of agnostic science, and the tendency to whittle away the essential doctrines of Christianity.

M. l'Abbé Leon Christiani is doing in France for the memory of Martin Luther what Denifle and Grisar have done in Germany, viz., setting forth from authentic sources the facts concerning the life and doctrines of the reformer which it has been the interest of Protestantism to obscure or conceal or misinterpret. To the study *Du Lutheranisme au Protestantisme* noticed in our last issue, he has added a complement dealing with the Peasants' War of 1525, and entitled **Luther et la Question Sociale** (Tralin : 2.50 fr.). By prefixing a rapid *resumé* of the heresiarch's social evolution, he has made this work complete in itself: it presents a clear objective picture of a progress from extreme individualism through anarchy to the absolutism of the civil power.

It is a natural and sure instinct which prompts the Christian to seek the solution of all social problems, however modern and however complicated, in the Gospel of Christ. In the Model Life therein portrayed he counts on finding at least the main principles which should regulate every human life, and thus reform society. M. l'Abbé A. Lugan, in **La Grand Loi sociale de l'Amour des Hommes** (Tralin : 2.50 fr.), has developed, in a series of studies of our Lord's character, the most fundamental principle of all—charity, "the bond of perfection." He shows from Christ's example how and in what degree this principle should animate our dealings with all our surroundings—relations, friends, enemies, country, humanity at large, &c. As a sort of companion-study, the same author, in **L'Egoïsme Humain** (Tralin : 3.00 fr.), has traced the development and the limits of the contrary principle, showing its action and effects in the individual, in the family, and in society. Both volumes form an excellent statement of an age-long disease and its divinely-appointed remedy.

Mary, Princess Karadja, a lady to whom things are revealed when she is "out of the body" (p. 118), does not believe in Christianity as we know it, which "is built on the foundation laid down by St. Paul." She prefers the old religion of Judah, which she conceives as a sort of Freemasonry. These facts are material for those who wish to appraise the worth of her "mystic drama," **King Solomon** (Kegan Paul : 6s.), which she has composed as a medium for propagating her weird doctrines. The commentary is twice as long as the play, and is full of cabalistic lore based upon the Old Testament and other ancient writings. At the end we have an invitation to join "The Universal Gnostic Alliance," which was founded on Jan. 24, 1912. All of which things provoke sad reflections in the twentieth-century Christian.

The long review which we gave it in December, 1907, makes it unnecessary to say more than a few words about Père A. Gardeil's **La Crédibilité et l'Apologétique** (Gabalda : 3.50 fr.), which has just appeared in a second edition, "entièrement refondue et considérablement augmentée." The learned

Dominican, whose work attracted considerable attention on its first appearance, and was speedily out of print, has taken advantage of lengthy criticisms by Père Bainvel and others to make his position clearer on various topics, and in some instances to modify his views. There can be no doubt that the value of his volume has been much enhanced by these fruits of several years' discussion.

The Blessed Jean Eudes, whose life was almost coextensive with the seventeenth century, left behind him, like many another Founder, spiritual writings which embodied in words his own ideals and practice. With the double aim of making him better known and perpetuating his service of souls, the Abbé Granger made an abridgment of his chief and earliest work, which under the title **The Reign of Jesus** (Washbourne : 3s. 6d. net) has been translated by K. M. L. Harding. It is a combination of precept and practice, the first part being a series of instructions on the Christian Life and its characteristic virtues, the second a detailed application of these rules to each day, week, month and year. It will be seen that this volume is a very complete spiritual manual, the use of which will be found a ready means of leading a life of Christian progress.

M. J. Rocafort's **Autour des Directions de Pie X.** (Victorien : 3.50 fr.), is a minute account of certain highly personal operations during the recent politico-ecclesiastical events in France. We doubt whether it would prove interesting or even intelligible to the majority of English readers, who understand these things only in their general aspects ; but it will no doubt prove useful for the documentation of future histories. For ourselves we regret the public washing of linen which cannot be described as immaculate, whosoever it may be, and the immense waste of Catholic energies on domestic quarrels of which this large book is an illustration.

The Westminster Hymnal (R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd.) is a work of considerable importance. Described on the title page as "the only collection authorized by the Hierarchy of England and Wales," its obvious aim is to supersede all other collections and to become the standard work of the kind. To Dr. Terry, of Westminster Cathedral, has been intrusted the work of choosing the tunes, of editing and arranging the musical settings, of harmonizing them and of adding many compositions of his own. He has included in the list many of the popular tunes in common use, though he admits that some of these are indifferent and some bad. In taking this course he is, we think, justified, for the tunes in question have obtained so firm a hold upon the public that their suppression would have caused disappointment and pain, and greatly interfered with the success of the work. Alternative tunes have been provided to the popular hymns least worthy on musical grounds. Admirers of the old tunes should be grateful to the Editor for giving the authentic versions of their favourite hymns, and for calling attention to the alterations and mutilations to which they are often subject. Dr. Terry is at his best in the harmonization of the Plain Song tunes, but all his accompaniments are satisfactory and in good taste, and his work throughout deserves the high praise bestowed upon it by the Bishop of Newport in his Preface. The book can be heartily recommended.

The latest volume of poems from the pen of "Michael Field," a name which now hardly conceals the identity of the two collaborators who have used it for many years, is well named **Poems of Adoration** (Sands : 5s. net), for it breathes the spirituality of the Seraphim. But it is not easy reading ; the thought is often packed into images themselves condensed : the metre is not unseldom loose and rugged : there is no condescension to minds

unfamiliar with the Saints and their deeds, with the dealings of the Saint of Saints with His creatures in rite and sacrament, with the dealings of sinners with Him in ways not sacred. It is much to write well on much the same themes as Francis Thompson, and yet keep a strain distinct from his. That, these two ladies have done, and their volume will please those that love the muse austere.

Long before the devotion of Florence Nightingale had "popularized" the profession of nurse, the practical charity which finds its home and its inspiration in the Catholic Church, had originated a congregation of religious women entirely set apart for the care of the sick. It was founded at Paris in 1824, under the title of **The Sisters of Bon-Secours**, which is also the title of a history of the Congregation recently abridged and translated from the French (Burns and Oates, 3s. net). Like many other seeds sown in that fruitful soil, this Congregation has spread to English-speaking lands and, indeed, is spread the wider on account of the religious storms in its native country. The history narrates the simple annals of the Institute, its lowly beginnings, its providential guidance, the able and holy women that ruled it, and also by a series of graphic little stories, gives some idea of the work for souls which the nursing-sister accomplishes.

The output of the Catholic Truth Society to hand, comprises only five penny pamphlets, but it is by no means negligible on that account "**The Rhyme of St. Aloysius**" by Father Martindale does invaluable service to the memory of that much misunderstood Saint by showing that he was at once more human and more spiritual than his pious biographers make out. **Christian Womanhood** contains papers by the Bishop of Northampton and Mrs. Philip Gibbs respectively, which should be read by every advocate of "Woman's Rights"—and who is not?—for they plainly and persuasively indicate the true lines of advocacy. Especially useful is Mrs. Gibbs' insistence on the right use of the "talent of sex." **Linacre**, by Professor Pye, of Galway, worthily completes the first series of **Catholic Men of Science**, twelve careful biographies by experts, useful for distribution amongst those who have been taught that Christianity is a "back number." Two doctrinal essays by Mgr. Canon Moyes—**The Devotion to the Sacred Heart**, and **A Word on the Rosary**, will give much enlightenment to non-Catholics on the meaning of these characteristic Catholic practices. Finally, **Thoughts on the Holy Angels**, compiled by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, is a pleasing collection of passages concerning the First Creation, from various devotional writers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

FROM THE AUTHOR.

The Scholastic View of Biblical Inspiration. By Hugh Pope, O.P. Pp. 52. 1912.

BRAUCHESNE, Paris.

L'Idéal Monastique et la Vie Chrétienne des premiers jours. By a Benedictine of Maredsous. Pp. 215. Price, 2.50 fr. 1912. *Cursus Philosophiæ Naturalis.* Two vols. Pp. xix, 343; xix, 399. 1912. *Le Monisme Matérialiste en France.* By J. B. Saulze. Pp. 182. Price, 3.00 fr. 1912.

BENZIGER, New York.

Christ's Teaching Concerning Divorce in the New Testament. By Rev. J. Gigot, D.D. Pp. 282. Price, 6s. net. 1912.

- BRETSCHNEIDER, Rome.
Veteris Testamenti Chronologia monumentis Babylonico-Assyriis illustrata. Ab Antonio Deimel, S.J. Pp. viii, 124. Price, 4s. 6d. 1912.
- BURNS AND OATES, London.
Notes on the New Rubrics and the use of the New Psalter. By Rev. A. J. Hetherington. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1912. *He is calling me.* By Rev. M. Russell, S.J. Pp. xiii, 176. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912. *Marriage, Divorce, and Morality.* By Henry Day, S.J. Pp. xv, 75. Price, 1s. 6d. 1912.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Nos. 33, 37-42. Price, 1s. net each. 1912. *Scripture Teaching in Secondary Schools.* Edited by N. P. Wood, M.A. Pp. xiv, 73. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1912. *The Cambridge Modern History Atlas.* Edited by A. W. Ward, &c. Pp. 118 (letterpress), 141 Maps. Price, 25s. net. 1912.
- CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY, London.
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XIII. *Revel-Simon.* Pp. xv, 800. Price, 27s. 6d. 1912.
- CHATTO AND WINDUS, London.
Marots. By John Ayscough. New edition. Pp. xi, 387. Price, 2s. 1912.
- DUVIVIER, Tourcoing.
Balaac. Edited by Ch. Défosses. Pp. xxx, 400. Price, 3.50 fr. 1912.
- GILL AND SON, Dublin.
The Ways of Mental Prayer. Translated from the French of Right. Rev. Dom. V. Lehodey. Pp. xxxii, 408. Price, 4s. net. 1912.
- JACK, London and Edinburgh.
Home Rule. By L. G. Redmond Howard. Pp. ix, 94. Price, 6d. net. 1912.
- LECOFFRE, Paris.
Le Clergé de France pendant la Revolution. Tom. I. *L'Effondrement.* Nouvelle édit. Pp. 604. Price, 6.00 fr. 1912. *Sainte Chantal.* By H. Bremond. Pp. 243. Price, 2.00 fr. 1912.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Livre d'Or du Cœur de Jésus. By J. Hilgers, S.J. Pp. xii, 252. Price, 1.25 fr. 1912. *Une Petite Sainte.* By Jean Saint-Yves. 2^e édit. Pp. 85. Price, 1.00 fr. 1912. *Le Didascalie des Douze Apôtres.* Translated from the Syriac by F. Nau. 2^e édit. Pp. xxxii, 264. Price, 8.00 fr. 1912.
- LONGMANS AND CO., London.
A Parson's Defence. By Rev. S. C. Carpenter. Pp. xiv, 260. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912. *The Gospels.* By the Rev. L. Pullan. Pp. viii, 323. Price, 5s. 1912. *Some Weak Points in Christian Socialism.* By W. Sanday, D.D. Pp. 30. Price, 1s. net. 1912. *The Good Shepherd and His Little Lambs.* By Mrs. Hermann Bosch. Pp. vi, 137. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912. *Introductory Philosophy.* By Dr. C. A. Dubray. Pp. xxi, 624. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1912.
- MACDONALD AND EVANS, London.
The Legacy of Greece and Rome. By W. G. de Burgh, M.A. Pp. xi, 192. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912.
- MACMILLAN AND CO., New York.
A Living Wage. By J. A. Ryan, S.T.D. New and cheaper edition. Pp. xvi, 346. Price, 2s. net. 1912.
- MURRAY, London.
John Hungerford Pollen, 1820-1902. By Anne Pollen. Pp. x, 396. Price, 15s. net. 1912.
- PICARD ET FILS, Paris.
Le Pasteur d'Hermas. Edited with translation by Auguste Lelong. Pp. cxii, 347. Price, 5.00 fr. 1912.
- ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY, London.
Hell and its Problems. By J. Godfrey Raupert. Pp. 173. Price, 2s. net. 1912.
- TEQUI, Paris.
Le Pain Evangélique. Tome II. By Abbé E. Duplessy. Pp. 248. Price, 2.00 fr. 1912. *Vendéenne.* By Jean Charruau. Pp. xi, 270. Price, 2.00 fr. 1912. *Pensées Choieses du R. P. de Poulevoy.* Edited by Père C. Renard. Pp. viii, 366. Price, 1.00 fr.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
The Litany of the Sacred Heart: Commentary and Meditations. By the Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. Pp. xii, 168. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912. *Love, Peace, and Joy.* From the French of the Abbé André Prévot. Pp. viii, 203. Price, 2s. net. 1912. *St. Joseph of Leonessa, O.S.F.C.* By Father A. Brennan, O.S.F.C. Pp. 80. Price, 1s. cloth. *The Westminster Hymnal: Music.* Edited by R. R. Terry. Pp. xii, 409. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912.

